

Frontal Lobes Determine Man's Destiny

Man Fundamentally Animal Plus Intelligence Due To Frontal Lobes of Brain

Larue, Crawford, Davis Named as Student Representatives on Philosoph

Presenting a biologist's viewpoint on "Warring Humanity," Dr. William Rowan spoke to over 200 members of the Philosophical Society Wednesday evening, March 17th. In his paper, Dr. Rowan conceded that the present war is traceable to the activities of economics, sociology and politics, while science has merely contributed the tools of warfare; but he said that there was little doubt that if the importance of scientific method were recognized and inculcated into those other enterprises, such extravagant examples of human futility as the present war would cease.

E. S. S.



BOB HOLE

Engineers Elect Hole as President; Harris Sec.-Treas.

Roshko New Vice-President

Heralded by a parade that shook the old alma mater to her crumbling foundations, the Engineers' elections were staged last Monday. Bob Hole, campaigning to remove all soup kitchens and to give bread line priorities to all graduate beermen, was elected president of the society. He was elected by a narrow margin of nine votes over Willis Gibson, a third year miner, who had promised bigger ration to all those who would "Swill with Will."

Upon the announcement of his election, Bob declared that he would immediately start a drive to register 350 more "Butches" or reasonable facsimiles next term.

In a close drive for the vice-presidency, Anatol Roshko was chosen over Donald Harvie and Bill Jackson.

Richard Ilsley Harris was elected to the secretary-treasurer slot with 150 votes, 41 more than his nearest opponent, Art (not Harry) Stevinson, who was followed closely by Harold Cormick.

The newly elected executive will have the duty of leading the Engineering Students' Society through the 1943-44 term. They were sworn in as heads of the society at the final meeting of the beermen on Tuesday night.

McLean Offers Eight Bursaries

Through the generosity of Mr. J. S. McLean of Toronto, eight bursaries of the value of \$125.00 each have been made available for students of the University of Alberta. The terms of award are:

1. Applications of students from farm homes are to receive first consideration.
2. Applications will be received only from students now in attendance or from students who have been obliged to discontinue their studies temporarily owing to financial reasons.
3. Other things being equal, preference will be given to students entering their graduation year in the 1943-44 session.

The bases of award will be:
1. Scholastic record.
2. Character and need.
Application forms are available at the Registrar's Office, and should be handed in immediately.

LOST

Classics 52 notes in ring brown notebook. "Studies in Elementary" on the cover. Please phone 34459.

"There is only one permanent quality in life which history cannot qualify, nor time efface," Dr. Rowan said, "and that is integrity." He pointed out that science is the only human activity that is firmly based on this quality. Not until this principle of integrity is incorporated into the general activities of mankind will there be the remotest prospect for the cessation of wars.

Dr. Rowan was of the opinion that the policies of Soviet Russia, where the worth of political integrity has been demonstrated, will put her so many jumps ahead of our own regime in every respect that matters, that it will not merely become a question of co-operation, but something suspiciously like imitation if we don't want to figure as the also-rans of the 20th century."

Part of the paper explained the primary function of the frontal lobes of the human brain, which is to control a vast collection of mixed instincts as well as age-old emotions. It has in addition developed the powers of thought. Man's instinctive predatory inclinations have remained with him. "It is now," Dr. Rowan said, "under the sensitizing stimulus of blood, sweat and pain that our frontal lobes can best be entrusted with the task of generous thinking and the subjugation of our primeval instincts. The past is gone—regrets cannot retrieve it. It is now that the time is ripe for construction."

Dr. Rowan explained why he disagreed with the theory that Nature uses war as a means to natural selection, which is the basic law of progressive evolution. The immediate effect of war is that the cream of modern youth will be taken, while in between wars, modern medicine devotes itself to discovering more effective ways of preserving the diseased, the morons and the generally decrepit, and no measures are taken to prevent these unfit elements from propagating their unfitness.

Dr. Rowan's case hinged on the hypothesis that man is fundamentally an animal. He outlined three now universally accepted standard lines of evidence to substantiate this: comparative anatomy, sequence of the rocks, and embryology. There are three kinds of animal behavior which are recognizable: reflex, instinctive, and intelligent. In the human brain the old reflex and instinctive centres are still there, and still continue to function, but they are completely overshadowed by the master organ, the cerebral cortex, which controls this inherited equipment of reflexes and instincts. At the extreme front end of the cortex are its frontal lobes, the centres of thought and the intellect, the cradle of every human achievement of the past. Only in man has the cerebral cortex shown marked evolutionary progress, but speaking in terms of evolutionary time, it has only begun that evolution. Great men of history have given us a glimpse of the future potentialities of the human brain, but even they have not probed its final possibilities.

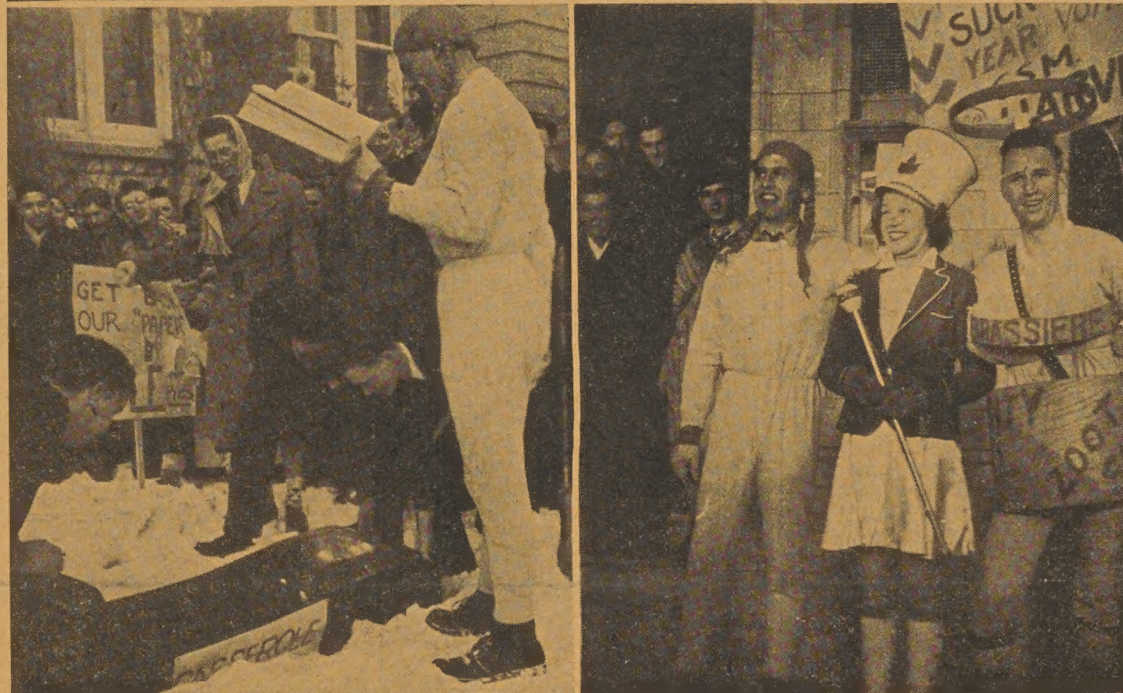
Man alone can modify and control his environment, but advances in the affairs of man have never been due to humanity en masse, but to a rather small selection of exceptional people. Their contributions have been utilized and exploited by humanity for centuries afterwards, but humanity at large has been the beneficiary, not the benefactor. It would seem sensible for encouragement to be extended to men of ability, yet governments and other reigning bodies as we know them have never had any serious use for brains. Deliberate selection of docile "yes-men" to posts of importance, especially of political importance, is notorious. It is Dr. Rowan's belief that the present war is part of the price we are now paying for this particular democratic principle.

Now that we are being stirred by the same emotions that stirred every thinking man 25 years ago, we catch fleeting glimpses of first one and then another of the false gods of our man-made environment that have participated in the failure of our generation to establish humanity's ultimate goal of world peace.

The animated discussion which followed the presentation of Dr. Rowan's paper was evidence of the wide interest with which it was received. One of the most popular

Engineers Stage Annual Election Parade

CAMPUS SPIRIT



Banners, picturesque posters, bizarre costumes, yelling beermen featured the Engineers' parade on March 15. Upper right shows the line forming on the right as Civil and Miners get the parade under way. Clearly visible are the signs for Gibson, Harvie, while Alex Skene hands out some propaganda. Upper left shows some of the boys coming from the Med Building. Jack Setters and Jack Meyers model the latest fashions. Lower right shows "Godiva" Harvie, "Angel" Setters posing with "Butch" after successful tour. Lower left is Casserole being lowered into the grave by Warren Doze, Don McKay and assistants, as Harvie intones the service and Don Marshall looks sadly on.

Critic Praises Versatility, Originality Displayed in Exhibition of Local Artist

Mr. Murray MacDonald, an Edmonton artist, has a remarkable exhibition of 49 water colors and oils at present to be seen in the Arts Building. In them he displays truly remarkable technique and originality. The following is my impression of a few of them:

"Wind and Rain" shows a tree bent almost double by the wind and driving rain. The tree is growing on a small promontory colored a rich reddish-purple. Behind the tree the water is churned by the driving rain. The whole effect of the violent motion of a wind and rain storm, and the harmony of coloring is brilliantly done. This piece seems to be the happiest in Mr. MacDonald's present exhibit.

"Prairie Afternoon" is a remarkable effect done with complete fidelity. It is one of those afternoons seen only on the prairie, where the clouds obscure, but not entirely shut out the sun, casting a golden glow over all. Mr. MacDonald has caught the luminous quality of the atmosphere to a remarkable degree. The placing of the prairie towns and the grain elevator gives further authenticity to a scene known to every westerner.

"River Bend" is perhaps the most naturalistic piece on exhibit. It is taken from a view on our Saskatchewan River. The artist shows a fine feeling for composition and fidelity for autumn coloring.

The most-discussed pieces, however, are his group of oils. Here Mr. MacDonald is introducing us to something altogether novel. His execution of them is bold and vigorous, the composition and coloring is excellent. Of this group, "Horseshoe Bay, B.C." seems to me to be the most successful. The composition of the large trees in the foreground, both as to proportion and color harmony is deft and sure.

"Old Oaks, Galiano, B.C." is an interesting study in form. The principal subject stands in bold relief to the background, due to the unusual blueish-white coloration. The grotesque attitudes of the limbs suggest Artzybasheff to me. The handling of the shadows is particularly good.

"Lower Maligne" appears both in water color and oil. Of the two, the oil is much more pleasing. It is perhaps due to the handling of the water. In neither is any motion suggested. The design is much more apparent in the oil, of course, and proves most stimulating.

"Deep Snow" shows considerable subtlety in the coloration of the snow and the shadows on it. It is the most naturalistic of the larger pieces in this group.

Mr. MacDonald's mountain studies are most interesting of all. His primary interest in them, design, is shown in his remarkable studies, "Mountain Rhythm, I, II, III. Done entirely in curves, each line meets

and is continued by the next in a natural, graceful way. I confess I had never thought of a mountain in terms of rhythm before. Mr. MacDonald's suggest very delicate rhythm. Very noteworthy is the harmonization of the pine trees in the foregrounds with the lines of the mountains.

"Pyramid Mountain" and "Columbia Ice-Fields" occupy an intermediate position in conception between the above group and "Mount Edith Cavel—Misty Day" and "Throne Mountain." In the former two there is a slight tendency to stylize, while in "Mt. Edith" and "Throne Mountain" there is less tendency.

Anyone who knows the mountains will appreciate Mr. MacDonald's "Mount Edith Cavel from the Lodge." His rendering of the mountain is among the best we have seen. But the sky detracts from this piece for me. It has a greenish cast, and the arched bands of cloud do not appear reasonably analogous in color to the colors on the mountain.

Mr. Murray MacDonald is to be highly complimented for his interesting and versatile work. We are looking forward to a further advance in his ideas of design and harmony of line and color. You definitely have something there, Mr. MacDonald.

J. E. N.

Aeronautics Club Tours Air Plant

Final tour of Aircraft Repair Ltd. was made by the Aeronautics Club Monday afternoon, March 8. Thirteen members attended, with George Ford and Ralph McManus in charge of the party. The group was shown every phase in the repair of an aircraft, from the making of small wooden parts to the overhaul and inspection of engines.

It is hoped that the opportunity for continuation of such tours will be available next term, and that those who were not able to attend this time due to conflicting classes will be able to do so.

NOTICE

APPLICATIONS FOR:
Editor-in-Chief of Gateway,
Business Manager of Gateway,
Central Gates Receipt Manager,
Central Check Man,
Chairman of Freshman Introduction,
Editor of Telephone Handbook,
Director of Year Book,
Business Manager of Year Book,
Advertising Manager Year Book,
Schedule Man,
Dance Ticket Manager,
Rink Manager,
Chairman of House Dance Committee,
Director of Provincial News Dept.,
Student Book Exchange Manager.
Applications for Editor-in-Chief and for Business Manager of The Gateway must be in the hands of the Secretary of the Council (Bob Black)

Crowds Watch as Casserole Buried at Solemn Service; "Butch" Drum Majorette

Ever popular and much photographed, the Engineers' Election Parade proved another of a long line of successes, and naturally attracted attention from every quarter of the compass.

Well organized as usual, the parade featured an unusual number of signs which passed in such quick succession that on-lookers had little opportunity to read them. Every Engineer was strongly urged to vote by the whole engineering student body, although the many picturesque posters advertised a slate of nominees.

Leading this parade to end all parades was cute "Butch" Smith. In true Engineer fashion she stepped out in a snappy drum-majorette uniform defying the chilling March breezes. Being a proper parade, next in line came the band, made up of twelve horn-tooting Engineers, who showed up Glenn Miller with their steam-heated interpretation of the Beer Barrel Polka.

Next attraction was Godiva Harvie on her mechanized steed. This situation arose out of the need for meat at your local butcher's. Harry Stevinson turned in another amazing display of skiing, making the downstairs run from the second floor of the Arts Building in about three seconds. Jack Setters gave a fashion show complete with hats, showing that those versatile Engineers can even be angels at times.

Many of the well-drawn signs were done by Harry Gordon who, it seems, can cartoon a little. Many others spent literally hours devoting their artistic brawn to the task of producing eye-openers.

Because of the great length of the parade, it had first to be assembled by halves. After uniting the halves in front of the South Lab, the enormous body marched off, entered the Arts building by the front door, up the north corridor, upstairs and past the Provost's office, down again to the Arts Rotunda, and out the south-west entrance. Thence they wound their way to the Medical building, where they pursued a staggered course—past Med 158, back through the Med Rotunda and up the stairs into Med 142; along the top of the amphitheatre oblivious to Dr. Gordon's concern, out the other door and wownstairs again to the Rotunda — issuing forth again from the Med building and over to the Arts building, where they disbanded in front of the main entrance.

Here they conducted a funeral service for "Casserole," burying its coffin in a convenient snow-bank. "Godiva" Harvie read a few good jokes—a volley was fired into the air—and a few sad notes were offered by the band.

Voting started immediately after the parade, and everyone disappeared. About three hundred took part in the parade, and at least twice as many looked on. Thus ended another campaign which the Engineers were sure would be won by an Engineer in the election of officers for the E.S.S.

Education Holds Annual Banquet

The Faculty of Education held its annual banquet on the evening of Wednesday, March 10th, in the Corona Hotel. Dean and Mrs. LaZerte, Professor Argue, Dr. and Mrs. Newland, Miss K. Foskett, and the class president, Mr. J. Kuzmar, were among those sitting at the head table.

"Apples for the teachers" topped by tiny mortar boards made attractive place cards. Miss Marjorie Grant proposed a toast to the University; in reply Dr. LaZerte reviewed the progress of the University since its inauguration thirty-five years ago. A toast to the faculty was proposed by Miss Betty Cantelon in the unique form of an original "Ode to our Professors," to which Dr. Argus replied, assuring the group that the profession could be fun.

Mr. Kuzmar then introduced the guest speaker, Dr. H. Newland, Supervisor of Schools for Alberta. The subject of his address was "Education for a World of Travail." Dr. Newland stressed that the business of education is to train the peoples of the world to reason together. In order that teachers may carry out this program, they must understand the meaning of the present world conflict, that they may do their part in making a world free from war.

not later than Wednesday, March 24, at 7:00 p.m. Applications for the remaining positions must be in the hands of the Secretary of Council not later than March 31, 1943.

Shelton Winner Philosoph Essay Over Kaser, Wark

Gordon Judges

Before the presentation of Dr. Rowan's paper, "Warring Humanity" to the Philosophical Society Wednesday evening, March 17th. Dr. MacEachran announced the winners of the Essay Contest sponsored by the Philosophical Society, on March 11.

Drake Shelton won the first prize of \$25 for his essay on the question, "Does scientific advance mean social progress?" Rudolph G. Kaser won the second prize of \$15, and Robert R. Wark won the third prize of \$10. Mr. Kaser and Mr. Wark both wrote on "The Anglo-French race problem in Canada." Miss Sophia Gogek received honorable mention for her essay.

The essays were judged by Dr. R. K. Gordon, head of the department of English at the University. The contest was open to all undergraduate students.

Nominations Open For Pres. Pol. Science Club

Political Science Club executive met recently to consider the club's annual report and to make recommendations for the guidance of the organization's activities next year.

One suggestion made was that the organization meeting next fall be made an open meeting, with some well known speaker in attendance. It was felt that this would arouse interest early in the year, and that a large meeting would insure the election of a representative executive.

The interest shown by a small but enthusiastic number merits the continuance of the Discussion Group. It was pointed out that the Discussion Group proved a valuable testing ground for the ideas of would-be orators, politicians and economists.

Members of the executive point out that nominations for the position of president of the Political Science Club for 1943-44 should be made to the secretary of the Literary Association. Watch the bulletin board for an announcement as to the time.

Donald Dick Wins Webb Memorial

Finishing off their year with one last spree, the Engineers held their final smoker last Tuesday, actually celebrating with cokes.

Highlight of the evening was the presenting of the Webb Memorial prizes to the best student papers of the year. First prize of \$25 went to Donald Dick for his paper on "Family Aircraft." Second prize of \$15 was won by Donald Campbell for his paper on the construction of a modern highway, which was based on his experiences on the Alaska Highway last summer. George Ballantyne captured the \$10 third prize for his paper on "The Great Pyramid of Gizeh."

Two movie pictures were shown during the course of the evening following which the new executive was sworn in.

The last round of cokes and jokes for the year were then served up, and the boys retired to the local bar to begin the cramming for the coming quizzes.

TRAINED LIBRARIANS NEEDED

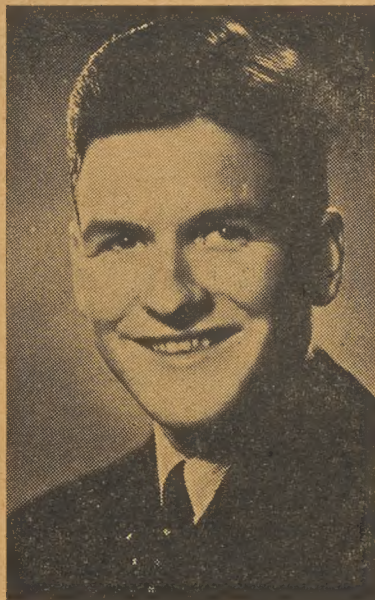
From the University of Toronto Library School we learn that there is a shortage of graduate librarians. Will graduating students who are interested please consult the Librarian for further information.

Council Presents Major Awards at Color Night

THESE RECEIVE . . .



BLAIR FULTON
... STUDENT EXECUTIVE



RON GOODISON
... YEAR BOOK

160 Awards Presented During Evening; Dr. Hardy Guest Speaker; D. C. Johnson M.C.

GRISDALE RECEIVES GOLD WATCH

Third Consecutive Year

Color Night! This colorful event was first held on March 14, 1941. Its purpose was to honor "those deserving U. of A.ers who had upheld the high standards necessary, in the numerous fields, to gain recognition on the campus." This affair took place at the Corona in the nature of a banquet and dance. Every award winner was to be present, but at that time the general student body was invited to witness the honoring of their champions.

The idea of Color Night originated from "A" night, as held on nearly every campus in North America. Cec Robson, secretary of the Union in '41, was chairman of the organizing committee.

The success of its first presentation gave birth to the hope that Color Night would become one of the prime collegiate functions of the college year. This experiment saw the presentation of some 175 awards as compared with 160 this year. Among these were the "Executive" awards, presented by Dr. Kerr.

The second Color Night, just as successful as the first, followed the exact procedure of that of the preceding year. It was on that night, March 20, 1942, that the colorful programs, so admired by the participants, came into being.

Though it bears promise of a long and successful career, Color Night has lost some of its appeal by its present exclusive limitations.

Commerce Club Elects Tanner New President

At Annual Banquet

Given an occasion, any place, and a mite of time, the Commerce Club usually manages to carry off all honors, and incidentally have a good time. But given proper surroundings, it will blossom out and put everything else in the shade. That's what happened at the annual Commerce banquet and dance Thursday evening, March 18, in the Corona Hotel.

Held in honor of the graduating class, the "do" attracted some forty couples, including many of the professors and their wives. After the sumptuous repast, President Bruce Collins introduced the speaker of the evening, R. W. Hamilton, B.Comm., C.A., Honorary President of the Commerce Club. His remarks, addressed principally to the graduating class, were at times pointed and at others well worth treasuring, and were eagerly received. Ralph Jamison, Philharmonic star, accompanied by Ev Wolfe, the sorcerer on the piano, rendered two request numbers in a manner befitting their reputations. Several interesting skits were presented by the first year class. Frank Murphy then demonstrated his pianistic ability when assisted by music.

Before the dancing started, Bruce Collins announced next year's executive: President, Morley Tanner; vice-president, Kent Hutchison; secretary-treasurer, Bob Purvis; third year rep., Jim McPhail; second year rep., Murray McIntosh. Then, to the strains of sweet music, the Commerce Club kicked up its heels to conclude another season.

Campus Co-op. Ends Good Year

The Students' Campus Co-operative Residence is again terminating a very successful year. As everyone knows by now, it was started two years ago by some very energetic young men who had the interests of the students at heart. Since then it has grown into a firm establishment.

This year there were fifteen students staying in the large, comfortable house which is only three blocks from the Arts and Med Buildings. Chosen for their ability to co-operate with their fellows, and willingness to keep up their end of the plan, the students found it an ideal place for study and recreation.

However, the only trouble with the co-op. house comes when the winter term ends, and the fellows leave for their summer activities. It is necessary to keep the house open during the summer, to provide the needed space for summer school students, and the various instructors who stay on during the summer. This summer the problem is not one of obtaining boarders, as these are abundant, but of obtaining a good cook. So if anyone knows of a married couple, the husband preferably attending the University, who would come to the co-op. house, starting May 1, the wife to do the cooking only (no dishes or preparing of vegetables) in return for both their room and board, would you please have them communicate with us immediately. Also those who would like to stay with us this summer, get in touch with Secretary Ralph Duncan at once.

Thompson Given Ring

Over 300 students gathered in the Masonic Temple on the evening of March 15th to participate in the third annual Color Night of the University of Alberta. Some 160 award winners were listed to receive recognition for their part in extra-curricular activities.

The evening's program took the form of a banquet, followed by the presentation of awards and ending with dancing to the music of Cec Cameron's orchestra.

Speakers of the evening seated at the head table included Dr. J. S. Shoemaker, chairman of the Men's Award Committee; Dr. W. G. Hardy, guest speaker; D. Cooper Johnson, chairman of Color Night Committee; Gerry Amerongen, president-elect of the Students' Union; and Lloyd Grisdale, present president.

Dr. Hardy, in addressing the gathering, enhanced his already notable reputation as an after-dinner speaker. He expressed keen pleasure at the decision to continue the holding of Color Night, and hoped that students would endeavor to maintain such activities as make Color Night possible.

Lloyd Grisdale explained a number of suggestions which the present Council was passing on to the next. Among these was the stepping up of the "Hello" campaign initiated last fall during Freshman week. In his thanks to Council for their assistance during the past year, Grisdale paid special tribute to Doris Thompson, vice-president, who carried on as president during part of the year. On behalf of the students, a presentation was made to Miss Thompson.

Another presentation was made by Gerry Amerongen to Lloyd Grisdale in recognition of outstanding service to the Students' Union.

Dr. Hardy presented major awards in the form of University rings to Executive "A" winners, Ronald Goodison, William Payne, Stanley Edwards, Blair Fulton and Rene Boileau.

Black New Head Of Law Club

The last meeting of the Law Club was held in the Senior Law Library on March 17. The Lawyers must have set a new high for reading cases this year, because a third quart of ink had to be purchased by President Ives. After considerable discussion resulting in contrary motions being made, it was finally held on the vote by a majority of one that Mr. Ives be reimbursed out of the Law Club treasury. Then Mr. Gouge showed his great financial ability by presenting the budget with a surplus of five dollars over last year (but he had to raise taxes of 25c per person to get it). The committee on the Dean Weir Memorial Library Fund reported that satisfactory progress was being made. Then President Ives declared it was time for elections, and the following officers were chosen for next year:

President: Bob Black.
Vice-President and Council Rep.: Jesse Gouge.

Secretary: John Koshuta.
Treasurer: Roger Belzil.

There was great applause, and Mr. Black was asked to make a speech. He did so, and there was more applause. Then because about five lawyers (conscientious as they always are) thought they should be getting back to work or, more probably, because it was time for lunch, jumped to their feet and moved that the meeting be adjourned. The learned gathering dispersed accordingly.

S.C.M. Planning Outing, Apr. 23-29

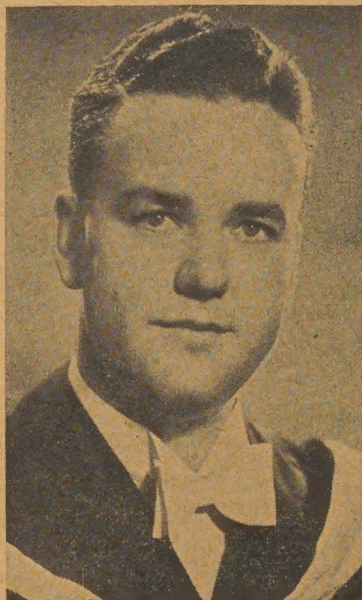
As the pressure of studies and exams prove dominant, S.C.M.'ers can't help taking a look ahead to the end when, for a week, they can relax at the annual Spring Camp. It seems to have taken a somewhat novel character this year, since we're going—no, not to the lake, but to the farm—Mr. and Mrs. L. Hutchison's farm at Duhamel. We plan to work our camp out on a community basis, seeing the problems and possibilities of an average community, and our relation as students in this situation. Whatever our major interest individually, we will find some aspect of it in this setting (even to milking cows, so we're told).

So come along, all you boys and girls, and join us in a week of merriment and fun (April 23 to 29), before tackling that summer job ahead of you. The cost will be lower this year, so we're sure your purse strings will stretch far enough. Get your application from the library or from one of the members. Fill it in and slip it into the box for such in the library. For further information phone Hazel Moore at 32220.

.... EXECUTIVE "A" RINGS



STAN EDWARDS
... LITERARY ASSOCIATION



RENE BOILEAU
... STUDENT EXECUTIVE



BILL PAYNE
... GATEWAY

Varsity Debaters Lose to Overtown

There were heavy explosions in M142 on Wednesday evening, March 10, when Mel Howey and Bob Galbraith, representing the University, met Frances Mjolsness and Frances Latter in a live-wire debate which marked the last Open Forum of the season. The topic was, "Resolved that Planned Public Ownership should displace the present system of Free Enterprise."

The affirmative was led by Miss Latter, who based her argument upon present defects in the capitalistic system.

The leader of the negative, Mel Howey, replied by affirming that to change our form of government into an autocratic one without restraints imposed up it would be to sacrifice the interests of the people to the interests of an unprincipled minority which would control the government.

The stormy session concluded at last by the decision of the judges in favor of the affirmative. Judges were Dr. Hunter, Dr. Johns and Dr. Long.

Outdoor Party For University Choir

Bursts of song, peals of laughter, smooth-swaying dance melodies filled the Outdoor cabin when the University Choir held its wind-up party, Friday night.

Entertainment was spurred on by Colin Corkum, who seemed blessed with an unbounded wealth of ideas for fun and foolishness. Ron Purvis-Smith's antics with his trained flea,

Oscar, kept the crowd in stitches. Yes, folks, he really has—ah, "one." At least, that's all he mentioned. But to think it of Bob Buckley! Well, we could hardly have believed it. But that's so, too. A rousing sing-song, led by Jack Williams, showed what the choir really can do, when they let loose on some of the old favorites.

This evening of fun was made possible through the courtesy of the Outdoor Club, who kindly permitted the use of the cabin.

CAMEO CABARET

Dine and Dance at the
CAMEO

Fri. Dancing til 2 a.m., Sat. til 12 p.m.



This year, as in every year gone by,
Spring comes in all her glory.
The snow recedes, the winds die down, the
trees put forth their green.
Hard to believe, but Spring is here again,
Touching with gentle fingers
Gardens and battlefields alike.

Spring is the time for high hopes,
For breathing deeply and saying,
"Surely we've turned the corner now!"

Spring is also the time for new clothes!
Nature renews her wardrobe, so do we.
But this Spring is a little different.
This Spring we think twice before buying.
We ask ourselves—"Do we need it?"
If we don't need it, we don't buy it!
If we do need it, we buy with extra care.

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Features

MODERN ENGLISH

In Defence of Shakespeare

by donald j. campbell

To judge from the expression on the faces of University students who have just concluded a lecture discussing the works of Shakespeare, the general opinion of the immortal bard is that he is slightly behind the times. However, the following quotations selected at random from the works of Mr. Shakespeare conclusively show that he knew all about motorists and their strange doings, centuries B.H.F. (Before Henry Ford).

Engines (noisy)—
"Thou . . . in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the
moon,
Making night hideous."
—Hamlet, I.4.

Engines (Varsity bus)—
"The rankest compound of villain-
ous smell that ever offended nostril."
—The Merry Wives of Windsor,
III.5.

Insurance policy (flaw in)—
"Never did base and rotten policy
Cover here working with more
deadly wound."
—Henry IV.2.

Mass Production (small cars)—
"The baby figure of the giant

mass."
—Troilus and Cressida, I.3.
Mechanics—
"Another lean unwashed artificer."
—King John, IV.2.

Speed Demons—
"I'll put a girdle round the earth
in forty minutes."
—Midsummer Night's Dream, II.2.
Policeman observing same—
"All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and
conned by rote."
—Julius Caesar, IV.3.

Gasoline (water in)—
"These foolish drops do something
drown my manly spirit."
—Merchant of Venice, II.3.

Varsity Student in Varsity bus at
8 o'clock lecture (Time, 8:10)—
"Why, one that rode to his execu-
tion could never drive so slow."
—Cymbeline, III.2.

Traffic (Police Control)—
"Look, with what courteous action
It waxes you on."
—Hamlet, I.4.

Traffic (Lights Control)—
(Go)—"The ground is tawny
Yes, with a green eye in't."
—The Tempest, II.1.

(Stop)—"Making the green one
red."
—Macbeth, II.2.

Motorist's prayer to his tires—
"Let me not burst."
—Macbeth, I.4.

Blowout—
"Here will be an old abusing of
God's patience and the King's Eng-
lish."
—The Merry Wives of Windsor,
I.4.

And—
"At length broke under me . . .
Vain pump and glory of the world
I hate ye."
—Henry VIII, III.2.

These extracts should be of them-
selves enough to convince anyone
that Shakespeare was a motorist;
but his attitude towards pedestrians
puts the matter entirely beyond
doubt—
"You are not worth the dust that
the rude wind
Blows in your face."
—King Lear, IV.2.

So thoroughgoing was he and such
a wonderful prophet that he could
even supply an excuse for joy-
riding 300 years before it was ac-
tually needed—
"He that is robbed, not wanting
what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not
robbed at all."
—Othello, III.3.

Drawing upon textual evidence,
might I bring to your attention the
Merry Wives of Windsor. In this
play, it will be remembered that a
certain Ford did undoubtedly re-
quest Sir John Falstaff to take half
a bag of money, or all of it, for
"easing him of the carriage"; un-
doubtedly referring to Henry Ford's
later European merger with the
Austin Company.

However, the final evidence that
definitely puts Mr. Shakespeare in
the running with Nostradamus, is
the quotation that could not refer to
anything else but the engineers'
proverbial forty beers—
"A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity."
—Anthony and Cleopatra, V.1.

VIGNETTE

By D. M.

It was 3 o'clock of a sunny after-
noon, and Sister Therese looked from
her window across the wide expanse
of hospital lawns. As she did so, a
small figure in a short green dress
started up the cement walk. It was
"Pink-top," right on time, pushing
her doll carriage in front of her.
Today she walked slowly and very
properly. Sometimes she would skip
and run up the walk, upsetting her
doll carriage or trundling it along
at a merry rate at which no carriage
was ever meant to go, her red-gold
curls flying in all directions, making
a fiery halo about her small pale
face. "Pink-top" had been coming,
always alone, every afternoon at 3
o'clock for a month now, and Sister
Therese dreaded to think of the day
when "Pink-top" would come no
more, for the child had crept into the
heart of the black-gowned,
white-hooded sister, and curled up
there as a small, purry kitten curls
up in one's lap. The child never
stayed more than five or ten minutes,
yet the sister looked forward to her
visit all through the morning, and
remembered it through the after-
noon and evening.

Sister Therese moved away from
the window and down the clean, still
corridors to the front door. De-
scending the stone steps, she won-
dered what "Pink-top's" real name
was, for "Pink-top" was only a
baby-name that the Sister herself
had given the child on her first
visit, when, during the course of the
sparse conversation, she had lifted
soft grey eyes and asked wistfully,
"My hair's not very red is it? Don't
you think it will fade to pink, may-
be? I do love pink so much, and
Mamma says little girls with red hair
can't wear pink. But if my hair were
pink, I could wear it, couldn't I?"
And so the name had evolved, and
the child had seemed to like it, and
Sister Therese had gone on calling
her "Pink-top." The name had be-
come a term of endearment.

"Pink-top" had reached the Sister
now, and she handed her two wilted
red roses. "I'm sorry they don't
smell good," said "Pink-top," "but
Joseph says he can't seem to grow
roses that look beautiful and smell
good at the same time."

Sister Therese took the two long-
stemmed roses and thanked the
child, and said that it didn't matter
at all that they didn't "smell good."
"Pink-top" was pleased, and
smiled briefly, then proceeded with
childlike directness to the purpose
of her visit.

"Have you any baby girls today
that nobody wants?" she inquired,
her small face a question mark.

Sister shook her head gravely.
"Not one," she answered, preparing
herself for the disappointment that
always crossed the child's face.

Grey eyes clouded and "Pink-top"
pulled at the hem of her green silk
dress, and ran a patent-leather toe
down a crack in the walk. The air
was heavy with sun and summer
sounds and disappointment. Each
day "Pink-top's" disappointment
seemed as acute as it had been the
day before. Finally, turning her
eyes back to the Sister's face, she
seemed to square her thin shoulders,
and she said resolutely, "Then I'll
take a b'ly boy. Everybody seems
to want their little girls, but they
don't all want their little boys, do
they?"

Sister Therese's heart contracted.
Poor, lonely little tyke. She reached
down and took the child's hand. They
went off down the walk together—
tall, black-clad figure, and small,
green-skirted child.

The doll carriage remained empty
in the middle of the sidewalk.

Pharmacy Dep't. Aids in Drug Shortage

Alberta's soil and climate, com-
bined with the ingenuity and hard
work of Dr. A. W. Matthews, asso-
ciate professor of pharmacy at the
University of Alberta, has once more
succeeded in doing the impossible,
with the first successful large scale
production of the medicinal plant
belladonna to be grown in Canada.

Officials of the drug company in
Eastern Canada to whom the crop
was sent notified Dr. Matthews this
week that the drug grown here is of
excellent quality, and is of better
appearance than the pre-war drug
which was formerly imported from
Central Europe.

It all started about a year ago,
when drug companies were forced
to start rationing belladonna, which
is widely used to further certain
secretions of the body as well as by
eye specialists to dilate the pupil
of the eye. Dr. Matthews, whose
hobby has long been the cultivation
of drug plants in Alberta on a small
scale, heard of the shortage and
planted some seeds in a greenhouse.
A vacant, half-acre lot was leased,
and 5,000 young plants were put
into the ground in early June.

Four months of back breaking
labor followed, as Dr. Matthews and
his assistant, Mervyn J. Huston,
mothered the small, slow growing
plants through a wet summer, which
considerably retarded the plants'
development.

However, conditions improved
early in September, and as the crop
seemed to stand the frost and low
temperatures surprisingly well, the
harvest was delayed until early Oc-
tober, when a very creditable stand
was eventually obtained. The plants
were harvested by cutting off the
above ground parts and tying them
together in bundles, which were then
strung over poles and transported to
the drying shed, where drying and
curing, the most important part of
the cultivation of vegetable drugs,
takes place.

At the conclusion of this process
the drug was ready for shipment,
and it was found upon weighing that

a yield equivalent to 750 lbs. per
acre, a figure which compared most
favorably with the yield being ob-
tained under ideal conditions in a
large research project being carried
out in the Eastern United States,
had been harvested.

Dr. Matthews cautioned Alberta
farmers concerning the growth of
belladonna.

"The basis of growing the crop
depends entirely upon hand labor,
and very special care. The plant is
definitely not adaptable to mass pro-
duction methods, and with the short-
age of labor growing worse every
day, the planter's difficulties are
bound to increase. Economically, it
is at present possibly a paying propo-
sition. However, if the product
were to return to its pre-war price,
which was made on the basis of
plenty of cheap labor being avail-
able in Central Europe, the effort
would certainly not be worth the
farmer's time or money."

Dr. Matthews had nothing but
praise for Alberta's climate as an
aid to growing the drug.

"A series of wet spells in June
made the conditions for transplant-
ing the seedlings from the green-
house to outside nearly perfect, and
thanks to the long evenings, brought
about by daylight saving, it was
possible to successfully cultivate the
plants on a spare time basis. The
rapid, intense growing season in this
northern latitude, as well, seemed
to make for a high content of active
constituents, and it was the rich
green color of the leaf that won
praise from the pharmaceutical com-
pany."

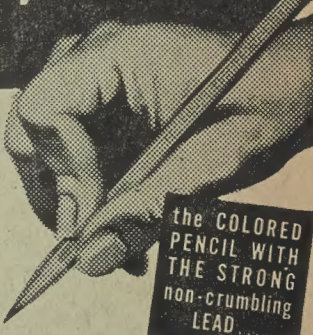
As belladonna is a perennial
plant, Dr. Matthews hopes to carry
on his work this year, when it
should be possible to obtain two or
even three crops from the plant in
the season. He also hopes to ex-
pand a small plot of the drug, digi-
talis lanata, a variety of heart stim-
ulant coming into increasing use,

which was started last year for the
purpose of expanding seed supply.

It is the hope of Dr. Matthews and
his assistant that some of the drug
which they have grown will return
to fill empty spaces on the shelves
of western pharmacists.

"Then we will feel that our work
has been of some consequence," Dr.
Matthews said.

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Hospital Highlights

The annual Nurses' Banquet was
held in the Corona Hotel, March 5.
In a toast to Miss McArthur, tribute
was paid to her unexcelled work with
the student nurses and the graduat-
ing class at U. of A. this year. Miss
McArthur then entertained us with
a few of the amusing "tall tales" she
used to spin to her friends in Colum-
bia. It seems they really believed
that she travelled by dog sled all the
time, and that the fur coat she wore
was "a bar she caught in her own
back yard." We could just imagine
her American listeners' wide-eyed

surprise and interest when she told
them of that handsome Mountie—
well, we were interested, too!

Later, a member of the graduating
class told us that the most important
day in the life of a "Probie" is when
she received her cap and bib, espe-
cially when the latter concealed all
the places where buttons "used to
be but were no more."

Before the sing-song, which ended
a very enjoyable evening, the feature
of the night—except the dinner, of
course—was a poem written in honor
of the banquet by one of our first
year nurses—Ione Davidge. We
thought you'd like to hear it, too:

When we were asked at the age of
five,
"And what are you going to be, my
pet?"
We lisped, "I'm going to be a Nurse."
And they laughed—I can hear them
laughing yet!

But time sped on, and all through
school
That hope remained — a shining
dream,
For hospitals were calling us—
To get there was our only scheme.

When first we met at Varsity
We thought, "Oh, boy! this will be
fun!"
But though we did have loads of
laughs,
We found our work had just begun.

We went to teas and games, and
danced,

ELEGY IN A CITY .. BEDROOM ..

The sun is shining, and so am I;
Sadly I kiss my bed goodbye!
(At least I would if I could see)
My eyes aren't open yet—poor me!

And then between my clothes and me
A sort of vacuum seems to be,
For tho' I try, come wind, come
weather,
We just can't seem to get together!

I finally stagger to the hall—
Dishevelled me—sometimes I fall
Bang! down the slippery, hard, hard
stairs,
Then madly to the (censored) tear—

At last, relieved, I wash my face
Until of sleep there's not a trace;
Oh, bliss, the coffee's on, and so
I gladly to the kitchen go.

Oh toast! oh marmalade! oh jam!
(O.K., O.K., so I'm a ham
It seems goons have to rhyme)
Crunch, crunch—ye gods! look at the
time!

My coat, my books, my pen, my ink,
Will I be late again—d'ye think?
Heck, no! that clock's two minutes
fast!
Well here I am, prepared at last!

Go down the hall and stroke the cat,
There's always time enough for that!
Then to the neighbor's wondering
view
Emerges co-ed-'42.

We worked at Chemistry and Zoo.
The Fall sped quickly past until
November came, and quizzes, too!

With walls and lamentations loud,
We studied at the eleventh hour,
And when we got our papers back
How many cups of joy turned sour!

The Christmas questions scared us
so
We worried all the holidays through.
And when we all got safely back,
Oh boy! were we surprised—weren't
you?

Of course, a slight relapse set in,
And very little work was done
In chilly, blistering January,
But gee! we did have loads of fun!

And then came February with
A pile of new exams—alas!
But now they're through, and down
the halls
A sort of shudder seems to pass.

But ere we settle down and start
To cram for Chem. and Phil. and
Zoo,
We thought, "We should have one
last fling,
And now we see you thought so, too.

And so tonight, we one and all
Are thinking of the year just fled,
And of our Miss McArthur, and
The words of wisdom that she said—

"Be sure to work!" Now, looking
back,
We don't regret that work at all,
And if our wishes all come true
We'll be in training by next Fall

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STUDENT interest in the recent Students' Union elections reached a high peak judging from the crowds lined up between lectures awaiting their turn to vote. True, the election was quieter than pre-war elections in that election pranks and boisterousness were lacking. But noise alone does not make a successful election. Part of the interest was due to the engineers, **PARTISANSHIP AND ELECTIONS** who ran a complete slate; part was due to the lawyers, who campaigned energetically and good-naturedly against them.

Some people profess to see in the running of slates of candidates a dangerous influence. But is it not true that the danger lies not in the nomination of a slate, but in an implied invitation or suggestion to members of the organization backing the slate to vote the complete slate regardless of the personal qualifications of the candidates? As long as students preserve their freedom of thought and action, and refuse to follow a lead in which they cannot believe, slates can do no harm—and might do much good.

Because a man is an engineer does not mean that he is for that reason better than a lawyer; because a man is a lawyer does not mean that he is better than an engineer. The question is decided solely on the personal qualifications of the men themselves. Good government rests upon the integrity of those elected. In any case, the campaigning of the engineers leaves behind no animosity and no permanent rifts in student co-operation. Many were the rumors which were going the rounds during the elections, but one of them was particularly disturbing. This was to the effect that a group of non-fraternity co-eds had decided to vote as a body against a fraternity girl running for vice-president. It is relieving to find that this rumour, like so many others, had no basis of truth; the stand was taken, in fact, as a pure and simple matter of politics, of voting one way in order to gain a block of votes for their own candidate for another position. Had there been any basis for the rumor we would have felt justly apprehensive for co-operation between students on the campus in the future.

During the past year we seem to have felt a certain tension over the question of fraternities among co-eds. If so, some steps should be taken to correct matters immediately—before it is too late. The logical place for such matters to be adjusted would be the Wauneita Society, composed of all women students. No attempt is being made here to blame either side, if indeed there is any blame. We are only issuing a warning. Students should preserve a proper perspective toward fraternities. They are but a phase of university life. The university must come first, and fraternities second. They do not confer any gifts which an individual does not already possess, or cannot acquire otherwise. Many well-known and popular student leaders do not belong to fraternities, and are not for that reason any less highly regarded, even by the fraternities. If some fraternity members are obnoxious, it is more than likely that that individual was obnoxious before joining a fraternity.

Nor must it be supposed that fraternities comprise a group which stick together against all outsiders. Take a look at any student elections and you will note one fraternity member running against another as well as against non-fraternity men and women. Tolerance and understanding must be exercised by non-fraternity and fraternity students alike. Each group must remember to place the university and student life first—both for their own good and for the good of others.

I Want a Zoot Suit

By LAWRIE JOSLIN

I want a zoot suit
With a reet pleat
And a stuffed cuff
And a drape shape,
To be sharp enough
To see my Sunday Gal!
—Popular Chantey.

Before the United States entered the present war, the country was on the verge of revolt—at least, the male population was. The underlying cause of the impending revolution was not communism, fascism or socialism, but conservatism. It is hard to believe, but popular sentiment was running rampant and contrary to age-old conservatism in dress stylings. Plotters sprang up on all sides, and openly incited their countrymen to revolt against the stringent codes of dress laid down by "Esquire" and other self-appointed authorities. In Hollywood, the nation's recognized fashion centre, an open battle raged between the dean of conventional dress stylings, Adolphe Menjou, and upstart Bing Crosby. And what is more, the impeccable Menjou was fighting a losing battle. Much of his power and prestige was already slipping away to the man of loose and violent dress, Crosby.

It was the Crosby school that was largely responsible for the popularity among men of the slack suit. It was a wonderful invention, neat and attractive and comfortable, admirably suited to the warm California climate. This suit consists merely of a pair of loose trousers and a shirt to match—that's all. The wearer may decide himself whether he wishes to wear his shirt inside or outside his pants. The cloth is light and porous and used to come in almost any color from rust to white. The shirt is worn open at the neck, without any necktie, vest, or coat. And what is more, there is no crease in the trouser leg; thus a nuisance was dispensed with, while the wearer was saved much time and money. A man didn't feel like a "pansy" in one of these suits, either, for they were looked upon by all the "he-men" in the country as their own special property.

Still, the fashion never achieved a lasting victory in the offices and factories. Men still wore conventional dress to work, and why? Because it gave them more dignity, perhaps; they had to dress the same way as the boss, and the boss was afraid to dress in any other fashion for fear his employees would talk about him. And then there were the wives and sisters who made men conform to tradition and the fashion magazines by all manner of guile and trickery. So, at work, men still dressed in what Carlyle called a movable house in which a man hides. Carlyle would have done better had he used the word hothouse, at least in connection with the warm climates. The movable house consists of: a roof made from thick felt tightly clamped in place by a leather band; a wall several layers in thickness, the first layer made up of cotton underwear, shorts, and undershirts easily interchanged with a thicker, rougher, wool ply; beyond this another layer, trousers, over-shirts and suit-coats. These are but the primary layers. There may be any further number depending upon the dictates of occasion. But all layers must be constructed out of non-porous material, so that no moisture may escape from the house by evaporation. The foundation is heavily reinforced to withstand punishment it never receives. There is no hotter, or no colder place in the mortal world than here.

Cries of revolt emanated mainly from those sections of the country continually ravaged by the sun. But murmurs, thought admittedly they were faint, came from the colder temperate sections, where men objected to shoes that were like refrigerators in the winter and furnaces in the summer; and pants, the legs of which invited exploration by teasing breezes, the colder the better; coats and vests and overcoats that permitted of none of the free movement necessary to proper circulation, so vital in the cold. What these voices cried for was a decentralization of styling, so that fashions could become geared to the varying needs of localities, and even of personalities. The "jitterbugs" of the modern ballroom had revolted, and look what they had won to suit their needs—the "zoot suit!" Though it looked strange and eerie, possessing in the full, blooming trousers, and the loose, padded, knee-length suit coat something of the age of Rip Van Winkle, modernity was still there; and what is better, it permitted the "jitterbug" to move about quickly and smoothly, and perspire freely and easily.

Complete and chaotic rebellion against prevailing fashions in clothes was forestalled by the war. But the hue and cry will be taken up again following the cessation of hostilities. Look out for trouble then, for the men will be in fighting trim, and will not tolerate domination, even in the field of fashion, by an elegant few. They intend to build a better world. They do not intend to have fought in vain this time. Their wish is for a world progressively liberal and democratic, not bound in with conservatism and useless conventions. Let us hope that they "wipe the slate clean."

The Future

M. H. LONG:

There were two fundamental principles alone on which Britain could build up a composite empire and at the same time be true to the character and institutions which centuries of evolution had conferred upon her. Those were the principles of tolerance and of liberty, or granting to peoples which came beneath her sway the right to retain their own speech and culture, and to continue to live in their own way and at the same time to offer them freely, when ready for it, the rights and institutions of self-government. Slowly and tentatively these principles were applied to the French Canadians and to those, mainly of British stock, who became their fellow subjects in Canada, and so, after 1763, there began a notable experiment in which peoples of French and English speech and traditions without loss of their own identity have slowly grown into the semblance of a new nation, a nation which, though American, has not lost touch with its European heritage, and remains part of a free and world-wide British Commonwealth.—M. H. Long, in a History of the Canadian People.

LIONEL GELBER:

... Britain's mood, after prolonged war exertions and the relative growth of others, is a trifle discomfiting. For some of the British have concluded, or been informed that, in the politics of the post-war world, they will occupy a lower rank. Once they offended by excessive self-confidence; now they are swinging to the opposite extreme. But it is a vital interest of the United States, as it is of Russia, France and liberated Europe as a whole, that

Britain remain a first-class Power. For in the perpetuation of her Imperial, as of her European, status the entire free world has a stake. In 1919, at the Peace Conference of Paris, France was persuaded to sacrifice claims of physical security in exchange for explicit defensive guarantees from the United States and Britain. The failure to ratify those pledges was an underlying cause of the present war, a factor in the most colossal setback to progress since the Middle Ages. And from that fatal sequence the new peacemakers should take warning. The foundations of Britain's imperial power must not be shaken or removed only to have them replaced with ersatz, with "reeds painted to look like iron," with substitutes that will be totally inadequate. For humanity's last state would then be worse than its first. To sell Britain short or subtly to write her off is thus to invite a defeatist peace, to undermine the victory before it is even won.

On history's flooded terrain, these years are a watershed. And what shapes the future is no mere assent to schemes of economic change or social revolution. For such a conception of the modern crisis may be generous yet unimaginative, uplifting and yet parochial. On it free men can differ interminably. But at this turning point in their destiny they are impelled by something deeper and more vast. Consciously or unconsciously, they have affirmed that, with all its defects, their world order is worth preserving and, in the light of the alternative, at any price. For only when that is done will social and economic reforms have a solid and abiding chance. And they have not waited for third-party judgment; on the supreme issue there is no impartial arbiter. Gone is the sense of guilt, the paralysis of conviction, which blinded and demoralized the West from Versailles to Vichy. Their decision has been in their own favor, bold, defiant and profoundly simple. In the civilization they have inherited and may improve the have at last had faith. But having searched their hearts, they must also clear their heads. What are the instruments of their survival; where are the strongholds behind which they stand and from which they will march and prevail? To answer that is to go back to fundamentals. As never before, the English-speaking peoples might now observe that in their power, their imperial and world power, is lodged the cornerstone of their society. For to grasp at the shadow and corn the substance may be to lose both—Lionel Gelber, in Are Empires Doomed?

WILKIE and MACDONALD:

"They literally saved civilization, and they alone saved civilization," Mr. Wilkie said. "There is no praise the American people can give the people of Great Britain that is too great."

Mr. MacDonald declared that the entire world was suffering from a "vicious attack of political delirium tremens" and that "a major surgical operation followed by a long course of treatment will be necessary for the patient."

Letters of Thanks
From the Boys
in the Services

Davidson, Sask.

The Editor, Gateway,
U. of A.

Dear Sir,—Please accept my sincere thanks for the copies of The Gateway, which seem to roll in whenever I need a lift. It is still the old paper, and still provides the necessary oomph to end a long day with a smile!

Would also appreciate it if you would advise the authorities of my new address above, as it is too long a wait to get the paper after it has chased all over Canada.

Sincerely,
SGT. PAT FOLINSBEE.

Chatham, N.B.,
28th Feb., 1943.

Assistant Registrar,
U. of A., Edmonton.

Dear Sir,—In the last few months I have been receiving most welcome copies of The Gateway. Jim Buckingham, of Camrose, I believe, just sent you my address. I understand that you try to keep track of all the fellows in the Services, so I am sending along my new address.

The Gateway is really welcome. It supplements the general news which I hear from home. Also it contains the details about that particular part of Edmonton in which I am most interested.

I hope this may be of some slight assistance to you.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT A. THORNE.

Saskatoon, Sask.,
March 7, 1943.

The Editor, Gateway,
U. of A., Edmonton.

Dear Sir,—I wish to thank you very kindly for mailing me The Gateway. I enjoy very much reading what the students are doing and thinking. After I finish reading each paper I pass it on to other U. of A. men. They, too, are always glad to get them.

Thanks again.
Sincerely,
JACK TAYLOR.

The Editor-in-Chief,
The Gateway,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir,—I was very pleasantly surprised last week when the mail truck brought me six copies of The Gateway. They were most welcome—and even more appreciated now that printed matter cannot be sent overseas from Canada.

I was relieved to learn that this present interruption has not completely disrupted athletics on the campus and that the Engineers are still untroubled.

There are a few more U. of A. men in my outfit, and we all enjoyed having pleasant memories dusted off by The Gateway. We hope that the old atmosphere still remains in the halls, and that "Tuck 52" still has the largest attendance of all classes.

One word to budding surveyors—to run a blitz traverse, right angles are run by sighting along the sides of a cigarette box.

GNR. JACK FLAVIN.

The Registrar,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir,—I have very much enjoyed the copies of The Gateway which have been forwarded to me at regular intervals throughout my training. And just so you can keep 'em coming, I hope you'll note the change of address.

Sincerely,
GRAY ARNOLD, P/O.
P.S.—The "Engineers' Edition"—risked, perhaps a bit raw—but different.

"Fortunately," he continued, "a good firm of dictors have been called into the case. They are called Uncle Sam, John Bull and Company. At present the surgical part of the job is progressing. General MacArthur this morning has reported an extremely neat amputation of a part of the Japanese fleet and air force. And when it comes to a thoroughly severe operation like the complete amputation of a German army here or there, no member of our team wields the knife so skillfully as does Stalin."

He appealed for better understanding between Americans and British, to which he said history books of both countries had failed to contribute in the past, adding that the "ghosts of George the Third and Lord North still walk perpetually in America." The Fathers of the written American Constitution taught Britain "a lesson in government which British statesmanship has scarcely ever forgotten," and were thus in part the aiding authors of the unwritten Constitution of the British Commonwealth, he added.

Mr. MacDonald warned against the error of supposing that after the war the world should be run by Anglo-Saxon powers, forgetting the Russians, the Chinese and other nations that "must all have a great say in that."—Wendell Wilkie and Malcolm MacDonald, at the New York Rotary Club.

ROOSEVELT:

The tragedy of war had sharpened the vision of the leadership and the

peoples of all the Allies, and he was sure that they saw the utter necessity of standing together after the war to secure a peace based on principles of permanence. If Japan fell first, the whole weight of all the Allies would be concentrated on the job of crushing Germany; on the other hand, Mr. Churchill wished to make a formal agreement that if Germany were conquered first, all British Empire resources and manpower would of course join with China and America in an out-and-out final attack on Japan. "I told him," Mr. Roosevelt said, "that no formal statement or agreement along these lines was in the least bit necessary; that the American people accept the word of a great English gentleman; and that all of us are completely in accord in our determination to destroy the forces of barbarism in Asia and in Europe and in Africa."

He concluded by recalling the words of Abraham Lincoln in 1862, that they could not escape history—"the fiery trial through which we pass will light us, in honour or dishonour, to the latest generation." Again, said the President, they could not escape history, and they had faith that future generations would know that, in the middle of the twentieth century there came a time when men of goodwill found a way to unite and produce and fight, to destroy the forces of ignorance, intolerance, slavery and war.—Roosevelt, summary in the Bulletin of International News.

QUOTEUNQUOTE

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Co-ed Parade

Women on The Council

Introducing Your New Executive

PAT ROUTLEDGE
Way back in 1939 there hailed a girl, aged 18, from Jasper, Alta., to go through the halls of learning as a Nurse-in-the-embryo. In 1940 this freshette went into the hospital, and come spring she will graduate with her R.N., and return in the fall for her last year B.Sc. As you have probably gathered, this nurse is Pat Routledge, the Vice-President of the Union for the coming terms 1943-44.

Pat is the president of the Nurses' Students' Union, Nurses' Rep. on the Council, and a former secretary-treasurer of the McLeod Club, lately known as the B.Sc. Nurses Club. She is fond of skating and skiing, and like the life as a nurse at the hospital.

Best of luck, Pat, in your coming year—we hope that it will be as successful as has Doris Thompson's this year.

ROMA BALLHORN
The new President of the W.A.A., Roma Ballhorn, has had much experience in the line of sports as well as in executive jobs. She was president of the Archery Club for the past year, former vice-president of the Ag Club, secretary-treasurer of the W.A.A.

Roma's plans for the coming year are in the embryo, and will develop as the year progresses. Her desire is to maintain the good work done by Kay Lind this year. Her favorite sports are tennis, basketball, volleyball and the like.

Monday night Roma was awarded an Athletic "A". She hails from Wetaskiwin, and is 23.

BETTY JOHNSTONE
Foremost in sport on the campus, Johnny merits the position of Secretary of the W.A.A. In her freshman year she played Senior basketball and won an Athletic "A" award. This past year she was awarded a rider to her "A" pin and an "M" pin for her work as manager of Interfac basketball. Also in her freshman year she was representative on the House Ec Club.

Being an Edmontonian, Betty went to Garneau and Scona High Schools, and was very active in sports while there. In her last year she was awarded a "General Proficiency" award.

LAVERNA QUINN
Last year Junior Representative on the Wauneta Society, Laverne steps into the job of President with a certain knowledge of what she will be called upon to do. This coming year will also see her as secretary-treasurer of the House Ec Club.

Laverne's home is in Milk River, Alberta—down near the Canadian-American border-line. While in high school she was active on the school paper and in sports, tennis being one of her favorites.

DORCAS STEWART
At present Dorcas is the committee of "3" with a certain amount of jurisdiction over student discipline on the campus. The Council will no doubt appoint in some way additional members to the committee.

A resident of Edmonton, Dorcas comes to us from Winnipeg. She is registered in the Faculty of Arts and Science. She is 18.

Co-ed Wins Quizz Contest; Takes Cake From Boys

Late Friday afternoon the large studio at CKUA was packed almost to its capacity with a studio audience of twenty-five persons, plus five quiz kids, the timekeeper, Geo. Hardy, and master of ceremonies, Evelyn Peterson.

This final in the series of five quiz programs featured the winners of the other contests—Ruth McCuaig, Ralph Duncan, June McCaig, Janet Martin, and Nancy Davis—note the predominance of the so-called weaker sex! Ed Sleath and Ruth McCuaig were tied on a previous program, but as the mike won't accommodate more than five persons, Ed and Ruth tossed a coin, and Ed lost.

The Dents turned out en masse to support Ralph—and support him they did! They clapped heartily each time he answered a question, whether correctly or not. However, most of the time he gave pretty good answers, and we liked the enthusiasm of his classmates; it helped a lot to put the program across.

Do you know where the expression "Let George do it" originated? No, it wasn't George Formby. It was one of the French Louis's, who, whenever confronted with an unpleasant task, exclaimed "Let George do it"—George being his obliging minister. This was one of the questions that stumped the kids, but they did better on this one—"Why were buttons first put on men's coat sleeves?" Nancy Davis knew that

it all started back in the days of knights and kings and courtiers, and that one of the kings ordered it done to keep his courtiers from wiping their noses on their sleeves.

If you saw a group of men all wearing short pants, gloves, caps, one wearing a mask and all carrying clubs, to what organization would you say they belonged? June McCaig thought of this first—she said they would belong to a baseball team, and so they would. In fact, June was pretty quick in answering a lot of the questions, because when George Hardy added up the final score, June came out on top, with the other four contestants following closely.

Ev Peterson (amidst qualms, because she had heard rumors about the timekeeper having pilfered the prize money) announced that George would present the prizes. She heaved an audible sigh of relief when she saw George put his hand in his pocket and come out with a five dollar bill and four ones. The five dollar bill he proudly presented to the winner, June McCaig, and the other four he divided evenly among the remaining contestants.

This brought the program to an end, but after it went off the air, pictures of the audience and the contestants were taken for the Year Book—so to those of you who weren't there—we'll see you in Evergreen and Gold.

BRAIDS AND BOWKNOTS

With exams descending on us in less than a month, will also descend the annual number of bearded faces and dirty sweatshirts. With every-one relaxing (as far as clothes go), we have to offer a wonderful solution for the hair-do. Why not experiment with some tricky braids? They are neat and attractive, and especially adapted to the straight, straggly brand of hair. Of course, you who have adopted the new short feather do's will have to figure out some other way of saving your hair doing time to get at the books. But for those who have retained their flowing tresses, we suggest again that you braid them. Several brave souls broke the ice for you last year, so why not keep up this fascinating tradition?

To be common, but rather beguiling, try the ordinary ten-year-old type of braids. Please do not concentrate on the part down the back, though. I've been tempted to go cross-eyed (or something) when looking at one of those parts before this. You can go absolutely crazy tying things on the ends, and people will silently thank you for making

examination time a little more glamorous. Of course, there is a danger that our poor minds, on the verge of giving up the ghost, seeing without warning two gremlins bobbing on braids, will give it up—but completely.

There are also the very smart French braids. They can be done by your room-mate, but if she's like mine, I advise you to go to the hair-dressers, as they are really quite complicated. They do give you that peaceful, calm, unruffled appearance so desirable at this time of year.

Then there is the peasant girl effect, created by the halo type of braids. Of course, you have to have quite long hair for this, but if you hanker for an ethereal, angelic expression, this is for you. Naturally, however, many of us feel we'd rather not carry the extra weight on our heads through the exams.

You've also seen the kind of braids which were created because nothing else could be done with that special piece. These come from the top back of the head and hang over the rest of the hair, or flop demurely down the side somewhere. If you take education, you could even roll them into a bun at the back!

All in all, braids and exams go together—so braid 'em and pass 'em, and good luck to everybody.

Spring Highlights . . .

FASHION NOTES

March 15 here and gone makes a maiden's mind turn to Spring—no matter what the weather. Just which "sweet young thing" can pass D'Allairs, or Morton's or Walkrite's without casting a longing glance at the soft silks and cottons in vivid and delicate shades, huge or tiny flowers, modernistic designs, stripes and solids? And some of them just couldn't resist the temptation, and so we see them hither and yon.

Black and ice blue make up a pretty combination—smart and feminine—for a dress that Betty Johnstone chose for festive spring occasions. The dicky front and touches on the sleeves are blue—and a smart clip joins the jacket at the waistline.

Pat Darling's mind turned to sweaters, the lovely old faithfuls, with the choice of a soft red, medium weight, comfortable, sloppy style. We would like to see more of that, please, Pat.

Nurse Pat Foster is sporting a smart new belt—wooden, joined with leather. It goes well on a light-weight wool dress, such as the one that Pat was modelling it on.

Red, white and blue, so appropriate for these times, makes a smart outfit any time, especially when worn by our new Vice-President, Pat Routledge, a Saturday ago, at election speeches. Of course, we all love Janie Stevenson's green tweed suit, too. Here's to wishing that Pat would, or should I say could?, show herself around these marble halls more, so we could be better acquainted with her, and the things she wears.

And speaking of suits makes one's mind turn to hats—adorable this year, aren't they?—and thinking of hats makes one think of a little black model with a tall feather that one so lovely bride of a month ago, Mrs. D. Hill. (Isabel Macgregor to you!) brought back from the east with her. By the way, "the best of everything" to you and Dee, and may we add that we sincerely hope for you and all others along with you, that this messy war will be soon ended so that you and Dee may be reunited again.

Norma Fallis and S. Ness have been a shoe-shopping. Both together? or one after the other?—but those little tie around the ankle flatters are the envy of all. Lois MacQueen and Sheila Clooney have also been a shoe-shopping—Lois for brown and Sheila for red, flat, oxford styles. Comfort is the big thing these days, though, isn't it?

Marian Might, tall, slim, light golden-red hair, blue (or is it brown?) eyes, has a new sweater. One of the favorite Swedish knit jobs in brown and beige shades. But the figures are very different from any others that we have seen around. We liked same.

Our retiring Vice-President, Doris Thompson, deems special mention in this, the last fashion cast of the year. Just how she can, and has so continually, kept looking so bright and smart, what with meetings and still more meetings, social activities and lectures (Commerce is no cinch course, believe me!), will remain the puzzle of the century until at last we fold up into our graves.

"Gullible Gibson" and "Beer in Hole" styles—the latest thing! on the campus!—certainly must find mention in this Gateway. The new-fangled "zoot suit" was really something, but what in the name of your best chum was the "Halo" for? Certainly it didn't become an Engineer, or it is that under the regime of the new "Gullible" or "Beer in" President things are going to see a new angelic light? Oh, what a change! What a campaign platform! And Roshko's "line" might do the trick—but again the "line" and the "angelic Engineers" didn't click. Please elucidate!

Was it the eyes of the majority of co-eds, or was that a pair of real, honest-to-goodness red flannels? Practically 100 per cent of the lovely skiing ladies have been looking all

Patter Puff

By JOHN CALDER

Editor's Note (by Patter Puff itself): The Gateway shirks all responsibility for any of the incoherencies found in this column.

Patter, patter, patter — what a column!—but here goes, anyway. It is something of a "Stupor Column." When it is started, there is no idea of what the end will be—maybe good, maybe not. But carry on, MacDuff! This once more, carry on! —Headlines, perhaps—maybe?

"Nutritional Experts Assert Varsity Students Starving in Midst of Plenty. Startling facts discovered in recent survey—many eat most of their meals at restaurants. (So what, says I?) Scientist declares fine if students chose better balanced meals, but it was found that very often the student couldn't pay for a better balanced one."

Do you suppose they would ever need to say that about us? Wonder if it is partially true about our students?

Hot drinks at the House Ec Lab, eh! For males, too? Do you suppose a nice hot drink is enough to entice the wary male there? Do they mean the House Ecers love a lab so much that they would stay around to serve hot drinks? No, I don't think so—lunch hour is a welcome relief from studies and labs. Too bad, though, we haven't more cafeteria space about.

Now, don't I sound wise? But honestly, what do you think?

Why does this type of woman wonder why men don't think women are intelligent? It is plain drool, but their conversation, to wit:

When girls meets girl (I wouldn't leave)

"Hello! hello! hello! My new hair do is nice (put in your own sound effects). And, oh, darling! I simply saw the sweetest hat today; it was simply super. Oh, yes! I just met Pastel's new boy friend; he's the cutest fellow; you should see him. He has the nicest curly hair. They'll make the smartest couple. And her diamond! Wow! Is it a dazzler." And so on far into a most boresome drooly hour.

When girl meets boy, then this: "Hello, darling sweet! Hope your little self isn't tired tonight. Oh, I'm fine. The funniest thing happened . . . Wasn't that good? And she thinks she's so nice."

If they think their gate Would carry them in state, They must be synecopated addle-pates.

Doggone! that always happens to my verse.

Maybe, perhaps, these following lines could be used in some descriptive verse: "Shuffle, gal, or fall on your face; or There's flat foot Sue; or Well, show me around, if it isn't bedroom slipper Sal"; or On the thumbs up or down theory—"Toes in or toes out, but seldom toes ahead; or Here she comes, hipping along." Dribble, dribble, dribble—no sense, no sense, but, tell me, how do you walk?

Now, I know you are thinking of what the genius said to the moron.

I'll leave—I'm going for good, or no good—take your pick!

Canteen Fund.

The Co-ed Club has proved that it fills a long-felt want, and, now that the first and most difficult year is over, it is expected to remain a permanent part of the campus scene.

"IT DOES TASTE GOOD IN A PIPE!"



Join the Picobac Fraternity. It means pleasant hours in every day—hours of mild, cool sweet converse with a pipe—that companion which enlivens company and enriches solitude.

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HOSPITAL HIGHLIGHTS

"There was a sound of revelry by night, And Alberta's capital had gathered there Her beauty and her chivalry."

With apologies to the poet, we hasten to add that such was the scene presented at the Masonic on March 10th, the occasion of the Nurses' Graduation Dance.

Sprinkled among throngs of dancers were thirty-three girls in lovely white gowns, signifying that they had reached their year of graduation. To them, Helen Bryt gave a toast, conveying the best wishes from their fellow students, better known around the hospital as those with "time to go."

Marion Dyson, popular member of the class of January '43, presented a very fine valedictory speech, in which she brought pride to the heart of every nurse, as she spoke of the war job nurses all over the world are doing.

The customary presentation of cuff links to each member of the graduating class was carried out by Kay MacDonald, Audrey Peacock and Velma Clarke. A present to the graduate from the other members of the school, these are small gold cuff-links with the hospital crest on the front. They are worn on the sleeves of the uniform to match the collar pins.

Dancing was the standing order of the evening, and was carried out by all. Pulses raced and respirations became labored as the company indulged in rhumbas and congos, but all returned to normal as the strains of God Save the King discontinued all foregoing procedures.

It seems odd that throughout all these years of battling over decisions, the Students' Council has never felt the need of a nurse to soothe their fevered brows after the fray. But this year's election has changed all that, as Pat Routledge was elected to the office of Vice-President. For the past year Pat has been president of the Nurses' Union, and judging from the job she did in that capacity, she won't be picking up the pieces; she'll be right in there punching. Pat has the ability and the enthusiasm to make a first-class vice-president, and as a pioneer for the nurses, we wish her the best of luck.

Student Responsibility

Les Drayton

Much has been said this winter about the place of the University in war time, and whether the continuance of non-technical University studies is justified in the face of such acute shortages of manpower that now exist. Many have asked whether it would not be desirable to have students in the fields of the Humanities, languages, liberal Art courses in general, commerce and law to postpone completion of their studies until the war ends. Some maintain that it is not right to allow the able-bodied men that are taking these courses to carry on with them at a time when such vital industries as agriculture are being depleted to the bone of manpower in order to meet the requirements of the armed forces. They point out that such men are making neither direct nor indirect contributions to the winning of the war. Others counter that while this is true, the training of these men will be essential to win the peace. The argument of these latter is quite sound. We win the war in vain unless we win the peace. Moreover, a large number of men trained in the liberal arts, commerce and law are going to be required to tackle the problems involved in winning the peace.

Still, there is a catch in their argument. The fact that a man has taken a University course in any one of these subjects does not necessarily mean that he will make any contribution to winning the peace. Knowledge alone is very ineffectual either in the fighting of wars or the building of peace. Knowledge must be accompanied by effort to a common end. In winning a war this end is

the defeat of the enemy. In building peace it is the welfare of humanity. Maximum effort for either means sacrifice. No soldier in the world is paid a wage commensurate with the discomforts and hazards of his occupation. Every soldier sacrifices something for his country. Moreover, to pay the soldier at all, and to provide him with the wherewithal to fight, it is necessary that the citizens who stay at home must supply some portion of their true income to the battle. Inequalities of contribution may render the contribution of some negligible or even negative. Yet, by and large the mass of the people do sacrifice for victory, and the more freely they sacrifice the greater the likelihood of victory.

Similarly, sacrifice is needed in the building of peace. True enough, the sacrifices called for will not be near as great. The colossal effort required to win a war will not be necessary, but none the less considerable effort will be necessary. This effort, moreover, will not be so well distributed over the mass of the population. By its very nature it is almost certain to be purely voluntary, and those who sacrifice most are more likely to be cursed than thanked in their lifetime. Thus very few will be prepared to make the necessary sacrifices in building the peace. The liberal arts student will be best fitted to take the lion's share of the sacrifices, for he will have acquired the necessary training to make his efforts most effective. Moreover, it will be his bounden duty to the fellow citizens of his homeland to make sacrifices freely and gladly in the interests of building peace. His fellow citizens will have all sacrificed that he may obtain the necessary educational equipment to build peace. When peace comes it will be his turn to make his sacrifices.

Fellow Arts students, please consider this carefully. Our only excuse for continuing our education is that we will thereby be better able to serve our country and humanity when peace comes. Each of our fellow countrymen is sacrificing a little more than would otherwise be necessary that we may continue our education and be fitted to build peace. So we have a two-fold duty. First to take the fullest possible advantage of the opportunities we now have to acquire knowledge. Second to freely sacrifice when we complete our education that a better and more lasting peace may be built.

What nature will our sacrifices need to take. In the first place, we will have to accept employments for constructive building of society rather than those occupations and those employments that offer the greatest remuneration. Secondly, we will have to take the greater part of our leisure time all our life to better our knowledge of the problems of world organization as they develop. Thirdly, when we are convinced that we see solution to particular problems, we must attempt to get the public to accept them at any personal cost. In general, we must devote our lives to the welfare of humanity and keep our personal interests well in the background. To the extent that we fail to do this, we will be unworthy of the sacrifices that are being made for us now.

A MONOLOGUE

Oh, Del!

By Jack Yates

Well! I'm glad that's done. If I had a husband like some folks, I'd get a little help now and again to wipe the dishes. I declare, how you can sit there and read the paper all night, and content to fill the house with smoke from that terrible pipe, and drop ashes all over my chair, while I clean up after you, and wash dishes and wear myself so thin there's no difference between me and my shadow, I don't know. Pete! will you listen to what I'm telling you, and stop dropping ashes all over my carpet?

I'm not screaming.

Did I see the paper? Now, when would I have time to read the paper, what with Mrs. Prince over here all afternoon, bragging about how her "deah, deah" boy is winning the "wah" single-handed, and throwing out sarcastic hints about Del not being in it? Well, I'm glad he isn't in it. You got to look after yourself these days, as I tell you, and I wouldn't brag about my boy going to risk his life just because Chamberlain made a mistake. Besides, Del does his part, or they wouldn't have given him his exemption because of his jab. I'm glad he isn't in it.

What?

Nick Meckleson?

Killed over France? Oh, dear! Del will feel awfully bad. Now, why couldn't the Mecklesons have written and told us? Del's best friend! Just because they moved away to Victoria isn't any excuse for ignoring their old friends. Del will be heart-broken. And that Mrs. Prince seems to think this war's such a wonderful thing. Del's no coward. I felt like slapping her face this afternoon, sitting there so smug and complacent, and dropping nasty little remarks here and there. Her son—huh! Poor Nick. It was a short life for him. Pete, Del's coming. You'll have to tell him.

No, not me. You always say I'm too outspoken.

Well, what if I am a woman? Do you think women like to tell bad news?

Now, this is no time to get sarcastic. I thought you had finer feelings than that, Peter Calder. He's here. Now, you've got to—

And she told me that he likes England very

well, and Mrs. Prince says Roger just simply is crazy about flying. Oh, Del, you're home terribly early, aren't you? I just finished the dishes. Did you have a nice dinner at the Harris's? I hope you didn't quarrel with Joy?

You didn't see her? Now, that's a fine thing, making a date and then not keeping it. Where did you get supper?

Goodness gracious, I could have scraped together something; you didn't have to go to a restaurant. What would Mrs. Prince or somebody think, if they saw you going into a restaurant? They'd think you had left home. But your father has something to tell you.

Just like a man. Can't handle anything right. I suppose it's up to me. It's bad news, Del, about Nick.

Oh, you heard. Don't take it so hard, son. It's just how things go in war. Don't stare at the floor like that. Is there something else? Come, out with it; we're getting used to bad news now.

Del!

Del!

Pete, stop shouting and sit down. You'd think the New Year had just come in. Where are you going?

Cigars? You can't go to the store in your stocking feet.

Oh, dear!

No, Del, I don't feel badly. It—it's just so sudden. You've not really grown up yet; you're only a boy.

No. No, it's just that you're so young. These glasses seem to be bothering me tonight; perhaps they need changing. Now, don't you think you should go to see Joy, and apologize?

Oh, you can bring her over here, and then see your father. He can wait.

He's gone. Oh, Del! I'll pretend I'm not worrying, but while you're over there, I'll never have an easy moment. Now, look at how that man scattered the paper all about the room. And why do they have to start singing "Danny Boy" on the radio at a time like this? I do get tired of pretending, sometimes. Well, Mrs. Prince will have to sing a different tune now. Oh, Del!

Other Students There Are

It must surely be of interest to those who study here to know what others have been and are doing in this great day when a new internationalism is coming into being with such travail. We can scarcely expect to keep pace of the history that is being made in our time, but one way we can keep informed is to communicate with the students in other colleges, in other countries.

The facilities for doing this are provided through the agency of the World's Student Christian Federation, which has membership in some 40 countries. One of the many forms of its life is the Monthly News Bulletin, in which students share their thinking and hoping and planning.

The Bulletin of February, 1943, brings word from Argentina, Australia, Germany, Mexico, U.S.A., Switzerland, Belgium, China, Great Britain and Ireland. In many cases one has to read between the lines to discover the real story told in them because, of course, they have gone through many censors. They do tell a thrilling story and are of inestimable importance in keeping open the channels of common thinking and friendship, which alone can contribute to peaceful settlement of the present conflicts.

A part of the report from Great

Britain relates an interesting incident which may be of more importance than would appear on the surface.

"Student Movement House, the international club for students in London, founded before the end of the last war, celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday this autumn. The fixture list was a particularly brilliant one. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached at the service of the birthday itself. The American Ambassador came to tea with us the next day, and looking down at the diversity of nations covering the floor of the clubroom, he said: 'You make me think of my own country.' On December 17th the Queen and Princesses came to see the Nativity Play. Representatives of each country in our membership were selected by ballot to fill the lamentably small space of our club room, but it was a colorful and enthusiastic audience which greeted the Queen. The Princesses took a professional interest, for they had produced a Nativity Play themselves last year. This one is a little unusual, though based on a familiar traditional play, for at Student Movement House the richness of the nations can be brought to it. The Virgin was Norwegian, one of the shepherds was Chinese, two of the Kings came from India and Roumania, Herod and his court were from India and Africa. The play is simple, 'a lovely play and very moving,' as the Queen said afterwards. Between scenes her attention was caught by an Austrian national costume behind her in the audience, and she enquired about others near her as she left for tea in the Refectory. 'I shall see them again, shan't I?' she asked urgently.

"Even a Queen could not talk to everyone, but the club committee and staff and actors and a selection of other members were presented to her Majesty. This took longer than we expected, for the Queen's interest and imagination led her far away. It meant a deal to some of our refugees from Europe, to Indians now in the R.A.F., to African students who had already braved the seas in the last three months and were already in Home Guard uniform, that the Queen should visit them. Her evident pleasure and her quickness to get into touch with people were a joy to behold. We understand that the Egyptian press received early cables on the subject from a happy professor. Members who could not themselves be present were proud that the club has been so honored by her Majesty. An honor it was, but what elates us as we look back is the sense that the Queen had understood this house of international friendship and been happy in it. The Kings brought gifts from India and Roumania; the Queen of England brought her gift."

A German teacher asked a Luxembourg school girl to name one of her country's great rulers, and without hesitation she replied, "The Grand Duchess Charlotte." Nettled, the man asked sarcastically, "And who fled, leaving the people in the lurch?"

The whole class answered in chorus: "Hess."

COOKIE CAPERS

Well, just like several other notorious clubs on this campus, we have annual elections, but ours are quiet little private affairs. To head next year's executive we have that vivacious miss — Paulette Jegard. Handling the money bags and the minutes is Laverna Quinn, and in the vice-president's chair is Marjorie Graham. Congratulations to all of you, and we know you won't disappoint us.

This Saturday the second year girls entertain the seniors at the annual formal luncheon. The motif is Mexican, and the girls have been busy planning Mexican dishes and decorations. From all reports, it should be very colorful.

We welcome back to our happy (?) throng Mrs. Dehmond Hill, the former Miss Isabel MacGregor. We all wish Isabel all kinds of happiness in her chosen career, and we know she'll make as big a success of it as she would have made by being a dietitian.

Ye olde H.Eccers fared fairly well in the recent Students' Union elections. We were all very proud of our Quinn's victory, and we'll be backing her next year in working with Waunetas. Johnny is now secretary-treasurer of Women's Athletics, so maybe next year House Eccers will do something about winning the Rose Bowl.

Good luck to each and every one of you in the fast-approaching finals. Farewell to the Seniors. We wish you success in your future work, whatever it may be.

COOKIE.

S.C.M. Names Hutchinson as National Secty

It is with a great deal of pride that the Student Christian Movement on this campus announces the appointment of its local secretary, now Gerald Hutchinson, to the position of General Secretary for the S.C.M. of Canada.

We have enjoyed a fine year under his capable leadership, and we are confident that, with his background of experience, he will make a fine job of the big task before him. This will involve travelling all across Canada to make contacts with the S.C.M. groups on every campus.

Gerry graduated in Theology this year, winning the Gold Medal and \$50 prize for general proficiency at the Convocation exercises, March 2. This past summer he attended Dr. Sharmon's Camp at Lake Minnissing, studying "The Records." He has also been at the S.C.M. National Conference both as student and secretary, where he made a fine contribution. In the summer of 1939 Gerry represented the S.C.M., along with five others from Canada, at the World Christian Youth Conference, now better known simply as the Amsterdam Conference. Here he enjoyed the unique privilege of living with students of every nation, race and creed, giving him a deep sense, not only of the need for, but also the possibility of the attainment of a universal brotherhood.

With this background and a will-

Alchemists Retort---

Anne Ion

Another year has nearly gone, another set of reactions is nearly completed in the old crucible, another class is ready to graduate, and all of us are trembling on the threshold of another set of examinations. But before we go, let us pause a moment to pack up another set of memories to add to the old scrap book beside the memories of '41-'42.

First of all, crucible covers off to the graduating class. They've earned their wings and left their marks in these old halls. Good luck and more power to you—Charlie Nichol, Art Stinton, Ray Lemieux, Gordon Segall, Wilf Hahn, Dennis Thorn. When future chemists come across the formula J—C—N scribbled in some odd corner, they may wonder what compounds we used to concoct. Little will they realize that it is only part of the nomenclature applied to the students who worked here in '43. And when a ghostly explosion echoes through the halls, they will not know that El Champo is back to

ingness and zeal to make real his vision of the Christian work to be done among students, we know that Gerry will go far in the future. May we take this opportunity to wish Gerry and his wife every success and much happiness in their new work.

Music Club Members Hear Final Program, Elect New Executive

Wark New President

The final meeting of the Musical Club for this season was held in Convocation Hall, Sunday, March 7. A slate of officers for the next year, consisting of: Honorary President, Prof. L. H. Nichols; president, Robert Wark; vice-president, Elizabeth Campbell; secretary-treasurer, Elsie Tanner; and student representatives, Alex Snowden and Jack Osborne, was presented to the club for its approval, by the retiring executive. A brief financial statement by this year's secretary-treasurer, Ralph Hargrave, revealed a surplus of around ninety dollars. It was decided to purchase a fifty-dollar victory bond with part of the money, thereby initiating a fund for the ultimate purchase of a piano for the club.

The program was to have opened with two organ selections, but the unfortunate illness of Prof. Nichols necessitated these being omitted. However, the University Choir, under the able direction of Mr. Jack Williams, started the evening off well with two numbers, Annie Laurie and Evening Pastoral, by Wilfred Shaw. Although the choir has been providing choral music at the Sunday student services, this was its first appearance before the Musical Club. In spite of the fact that the males of the chorus were far outnumbered by the fairer sex, a good balance was maintained between the voices. Mr. Malcolm Clark's three selec-

tions, Even Bravest Hearts May Swell (Gounod), Where'er You Walk (Handel) and I Love Life (Manana-Zucca), were somewhat on the ambitious side, but nevertheless well handled. The last number, with its rollicking casual manner, seemed particularly well suited to the artist.

The two-piano work of Miss Lucy Gainer and Miss Nelda Faulkner was charming and delightful in all respects. The Bach Aria (transcribed by Berkowitz) demanded precision in timing and tonal control, both of which were admirably achieved. The little suite numbers by Tailleferre, entitled Jeux de Plein Air, gave full scope to the technical and artistic abilities of the two performers.

The three vocal selections sung by Mrs. King formed an admirable finale to the evening. The artist was perfectly at ease in all of her numbers; Gretchaninoff, Haydn and Verdi were all handled with the finesse of a professional. Mrs. King deserves particular commendation for her fine rendition of the aria O Don Fatale from Verdi's Don Carlo. The demands made on the performer by this number, in the line of range, control and dramatic ability, were met with such ease by this artist as to almost belie their existence. Mr. Victor Graham's accompaniment was, as usual, competent but unobtrusive.

revisit his old retreats. Nor will they know that an extra player always skates with the Arts hockey team in the form of "pea soup." And when a titration gives a good end point they will not realize that the Mighty Atom stood behind them and tipped in the right amount of indicator. Neither will they guess that it is the ghost of Willie's genial philosophy that haunts the labs and makes the place a little more pleasant to work in. Perhaps future generations will gaze with awe at the spectacle of Denny's pipe in a showcase, and wonder what such a complicated apparatus was used for. All have left their marks.

The rest of us, just rats from the basement, have garnered a host of memories this year. We have had our triumphs and our troubles—made some lovely crystals and had our fires. We've learned the odd thing, too—that Beilstein and Richter might be worth consulting and that the radiator in Room 30 will protest with banging if not treated cautiously. We've made history, too, for I am sure that the "Disaster of the Fluorides" will be recorded in the annals for generations to come. But it hasn't been all work. After all, we haven't been dubbed "The Malachite Kids" for nothing. Who could forget the old configurations W.B. and Rex used to make with the model atoms every morning before class? Or the explosive smiles of the "Smiler," alias Norman Hollies, which resounded through the Med Building, beginning shortly before eight and continuing at various intervals without warning throughout the day? And who could forget the "Wolf," the most typical of typical malachite kids? If you don't believe me, just look at his lab coat. And we'll always remember Buck, the stray Engineer whom we adopted. How could we forget his incurable passion for aeroplanes and the hopeful look on his face as he leaned out of the second floor window, fully expecting to hitch hike a ride to heaven with one of the P-40's. We're bound to recall the heel-clicking and "Sirr" with which the U.A.T.C. Corporals greeted our Army Lieutenants every morning; and the way the Lance-Corporal baited our Ski Troop Sergeant. Remember how everyone picked on the "Face-Pusher" every day just to see if the threats made would actually be carried out.

We must also remember the Thursday and Friday basement rats, who valiantly struggled with potentiometers, tried to smother the loud hum of the audio-oscillator so the experiment would work, and who wondered if they should stay up all night to make sure the thermostat motor didn't break down. And before I close, just a word about the Freshmen. They're beginning to get that seen-around-the-lab look, and it is easy to see that it won't be long before they cease to worry about whether they have a test for Arsenic and begin to worry about whether they have a spectroscopy line for something else.

That's all for this year. Good luck with the exams!

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The hockey dinner at the Royal George last Thursday evening marked the conclusion of the puck-chasing activities for this season. During the course of the evening the various awards were announced, and this is probably as good a time as any to pass the names of the award winners on to "Hockey Patter" readers.

1. **Championship Team**—Arts, with the following roster: Goal, Lud Ryski; defence, Jack Quigley (Coach), Doug Carr, John Colter, Joe Moreau and Harry Jones; forwards, Barss Dimock, Ray Lemieux, Lindsay Cuthbertson, Gib Brimacombe, Keith Bothwell, Mike Chonko, Ben Gerolamy. Managers: John O'Connor and Bernie Kelly.
2. **Most Valuable Player**—Bob Schrader, Ag-Com-Law.
3. **First All-Star Team**—Goal, Jack Setters (E.); defence, Jack Quigley (A.) and Bob Schrader (A-C-L); centre, Paul Drouin (E.); right wing, Ray Lemieux (A.); left wing, Jack Simpson (E.).
4. **Second All-Star Team**—Goal, Lud Ryski (A.); defence, Lucien Lambert (E.) and John Colter (A.); centre, Barss Dimock (A.); left wing, Keith Bothwell (A.); right wing, Bus Younger (A-C-L).
5. **Special Award** for valuable services rendered to hockey on the campus—Jack Simpson (E.).
6. **Managers' Award**—Art Webb (E.).

Places on the all-star teams are secured as a result of balloting by players and officials of the league. Where a player is chosen on a "first team" he secures two points, while being chosen on the alternative "dream team" earns only one. Some forty ballots were cast, and resulted as follows: Jack Quigley 65; Jack Setters 65, Bob Schrader 63, Ray Lemieux 61, Paul Drouin 59, Jack Simpson 55, Barss Dimock 46, Lucien Lambert 34, John Colter 34, Bus Younger 30, Frank Quigley 27, Lud Ryski 24, Keith Bothwell 24, Perren Baker 21, Ken Torrance 19, Joe Moreau 12, Doug Carr 12, Lindsay Cuthbertson 11, Rudy Dutka 10, Joe Fraser 5, Ian Smith 5, Joe Hewko 3, Jim Taylor 3, Jack Garvin 2, Mike Chonko 2, Gib Brimacombe 1, Harry Jones 1, Ron Helmer 1.

The following aggregation was chosen by League Director Moher as the one likely to have represented Alberta had there been a Senior team:
Goal: Jack Setters.
Defence: Lucien Lambert, John Colter, Joe Moreau, Bruce MacKay.
Centres: Barss Dimock, Paul Drouin, Frank Quigley.
Right wing: Jack Quigley, Bob Schrader.
Left wing—Jack Simpson, Perren Baker.

Congratulations must again be extended to Dr. Shoemaker for his gratifying interest in University hockey. The Dr. Shoemaker Most Valuable Player Award is now a definite part of the athletic picture at Alberta, and of course represents the highest honor hockey hereabouts can bestow on a University student. Let us hope that the genial professor maintains his interest in the game in the future.

Congratulations must also go out to Coach Jack Quigley and his champion Arts. Last year the hustling young Calgarian and his players had to take second place to Med-Pharm-Dents, but there was no denying them the honors this year. Arts dropped only two games all season, and actually made a show of Engineers and Ag-Com-Law during the regular schedule. True, they met stiffer playoff opposition than anticipated, but playoffs are like that. Hats off to the new champions!

What next year? Probably no one can forecast too accurately. However, it is gratifying to note that only five or six members of this year's league will graduate. The number leaving will probably be increased somewhat by other factors, but it would seem that the nucleus of three teams will still remain as a basis for beginning operations next season. We can be optimistic, then.

Aggies Win Basketball Title; Defeat Dents in Rough Game

By BILL CLARK

In one of the finest and fiercest rugby games ever staged on the recruit-revered floor of the Drill Hall, the Aggies captured the Interfac Basketball Trophy by trouncing the Dents 23-14.

After some delving into the files, The Gateway Archivist (a necessary officer of that "if you haven't heard about it before we won't tell you yet" publication) discloses that this memorable contest of physical endurance took place on March 5, in the year of our Lord, 1943. He also recalled that it was a two-game, total-point affair, with the surprising Aggies copping the first game 29-18, to take the round 52-32, and furnish the upset of the sporting season. The flashy Dents, according to a then-current edition of an overtown paper, translated by our Sanskrit expert, had gone undefeated all winter, while the Agros squeezed under the wire courtesy of a technical foul called on Arts.

However—and the following account will be written in the not-so-long past tense, by authority of writers' privilege—the Fightin' Farmers were full value for their win. Had they played but half as well in the grid final, the old Bulletin Trophy would be hanging over the old barn door right now. While both lines were blocking well, the ploughmen had a slight edge, as they charged lower and hit harder and oftener. Deserving of mention were the fleet Dent ends, who were taking out their men with some of the most beautiful tackles ever seen in University circles.

In short, the game, for basketball, was a bit rough. It was as close as a Gillette shave, and hotly contested all the way.

Mel Ottem drew first blood for the Anacin men by netting a free shot awarded him when a farm hand hit him across the shins with a training stick. Frank Fergie notched a nifty field basket, to put the league leaders 3 up. Keith Nicholls came right back with a brace of points for Ags, and the boys settled down to a nice close checking game of parlor football.

The entry of Huge Hu Harries added zip to the Aggie attack. Inspired by the gentle voice of the sergeant-major, little Mark Grant, who, by the way, was the star of the game, tried to get by the Molar Maulers' outer defenses. He was immediately beset on and pulled down by Rudy Warshawski and Mel Ottem combined. At this point Referee Roy Spackman warned Ottem about using his blackjack, and cautioned Big Rudy that eye-gouging was definitely illegal.

Grant, bruised but still alive, sunk one of his two shots to tie the score. Jack Garvin and Grant again pushed the Aggies farther ahead.

It was at this point the Sodbusters showed the stuff of champions. It was their amazing versatility, as they combined every sport known to man, plus a few which are usually reserved for female use only. Jack Garvin bowled the ball down the entire length of the floor to Ed Patching. Patching, with a lightning backhand slice, knocked Tommy James out of his way, unscrewed Don Gilmour's wooden leg and pole-vaulted to basket level, from whence he scored with ease.

Jack Garvin, who at all times held an edge on the in-fighting, battled his way to the Dentistry blue line. But here the Dent defense of Tommy Graham and Ossie Geehan stepped into him with a couple of lusty tooth-shaking body checks, and left him draped over the boards. He scored one out of two.

Rudy Warshawski for Dents netted three points and came close on three other occasions. Each rimmed the basket, wavered and rolled out. The Dents put up a vigorous argument for half points on such close ones, but no go.

Fergie, after leaving in his wake a trail of fallen men like a 96th street fortune-teller, finally corralled a bouncing ball and made it count. There, at 11-7 Aggies, ended the first half—one of stiff body-checks, close, hard checking, and some very nifty shooting. For the fans it was highly exciting and tense. For the holder of the lowest pool ticket, one Hugh Rigney, prospects looked bright. When the score reached his number (37) near the end of the game, and every man and his pooch was shooting at the basket, Mr. Rigney turned a bit green, but when the whistle went without a score he turned cartwheels.

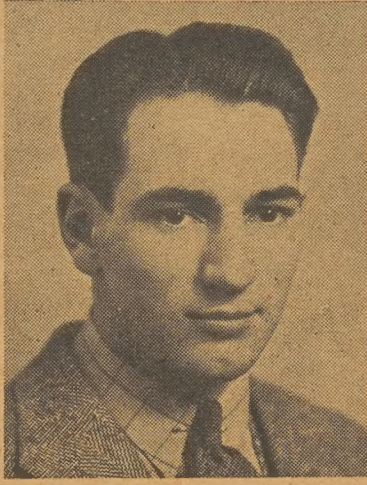
Before the second half began, Referee Herb Christie called the men to the centre and a made a few things plain. He said: "Now, look here, men. You simply must come out of the clinches when I tell you. Don't forget this game is governed by the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Now shake hands and come out fighting."

This half provided great basketball, and a few sidelights, which were more interesting. Apparently the Dent Board of Strategy, consisting partly of Mr. Evans and some dozen players, decided that two men are better than one, so they put two men to receive each pass. They also sent out an S.O.S. for a sailor from St. Joe's. It seemed that the Aggies had tied their ace sniper, Rudy Warshawski, into some plenty fancy and complicated knots. But despite the close watch kept on him, the Big Gun tied for top scoring honors with Mark Grant.

The old Drill Hall was about as quiet as an Aux. Bat. parade when the Dents ground to within two points of the fertilizer fellows. The Dentists, sensing victory, really opened up—and didn't the Ags step in! Harries won a tug-of-war with Olson, Patching scored, and Grant counted twice. The Dents wilted, and the Farmers stepped up the tempo, the score mounted, and Rigney was wonderful to behold.

When the curtain rang down, the Aggies were on the thrones. And worthy champs they were. Two

WINS TROPHY



Bob Schrader, President of the M.A.B. for the second term, past coach of the Ag-Com-Law, was recently awarded the Dr. Shoemaker Trophy. He was judged to be the most valuable player in the 1942-43 Interfaculty hockey series.

tournament into a two-evening series. This last is notable in view of the fact that the life of most sports is ebbing. Volleyball this year had to run the gauntlet of all the obstacles that have faced every sport this year—lack of a gymnasium and lack of time. However, unlike many sports, it did not suffer for lack of enthusiasm, for when thirty-five girls turned out on one of the coldest nights of the year to play volleyball in the Drill Hall, which registered 10 degrees of frost, who shall say that there is lack of enthusiasm?

Perhaps one of the reasons why volleyball enjoyed such popularity this year is that it fills the need for a fast informal game which does not require too much effort and yet which tones up the muscles and livens up the brain, so that late studying is facilitated. Next year we have high hopes of a longer series so that more girls will have the chance to participate.

Swim Year Ends With Tourney

The Swimming Club has successfully completed another year—a year so full of fun that everyone was sorry to see it come to an end. From beginning to finish every meeting was worth while.

The first few meetings had a very big attendance, marking a great enthusiasm for a worthy sport. In fact, they were larger than had been expected; but the more the merrier, and the relays were a main event, proving more fun with a lot of people. Gradually, however, as time went on the meetings became smaller until they got down to about 20 old faithfuls, who turned up for nearly every meeting.

Those were the ones who, striving to improve their swimming and hoping to make the team even though there weren't to be any intercollegiate sports. And they were taking advantage of the facilities of the pool made available every week by the University and benefiting from their weekly swim. Nearly all those who attended regularly came out better men than they went in, and had the pleasant feeling of having achieved something.

The weather this year was not very encouraging. Admittedly, it is a hard task to convince oneself that it is the proper thing to do to go swimming when it is sixty below outside. Why, you might catch pneumonia!

The last two swimming meetings took the forms of small swimming meets. The first one was the interfaculty meet held on Saturday, March 5. The turn out was not very good, but three faculties were represented—the faculties of House Ec., Science and the Nurses; the Science coming first, House Ec. second, and Nurses third. The events included diving, long and short races, mainly free style, and style swimming.

The second swimming meet was on the Thursday following between the girl members of the team (Ninna Young, Sheila McRae, Marjory

Track Club Elects Lil Reid President

BRIGHT OUTLOOK FOR NEXT TERM

It seems appropriate in this last issue of The Gateway to reminisce just a little about the things that have been, and to express a hope for the things that "will be" next year. Remember those sunny days last fall when the young ladies of the campus trekked down to the grid in colorful green and gold track suits to spend an hour before supper running around the track, throwing the javelin, high jumping and sprinting, to say nothing of dodging the rugby practices and ignoring the stares of the Navy boys, who were taking P.T. in the grid at the same time. (We'll have to do something about those short shorts next year.) Those pleasant days last fall are just a memory now. But the girls who participated in the Track Meet are very much with us. Recently they held a meeting to decide who was to be the one to carry "The Spikes" for next year. Lil Reid, a freschette taking Education, was elected president for the coming season. Lil is the girl who whizzed down the track and won the 80-yard dash. She is also the one who dashed around with her little camera and snapped pictures of the competitors in the most becoming (?) poses. At any rate, you can see what an energetic little miss we have for president this coming year, and though the Men's Track Club is a thing of the past (remember when Frank Foxlee used to throw the javelin around as if it were matchwood?), and the future Women's Track is very much a thing of the present. More power to them.

Lough and Sylvia Rowan) and about eight girls from the "Y." Varsity came second.

All in all, it was an enjoyable year, and the swimmers — not to mention the divers—loved every minute of it.

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UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Arts Win Puck Title In Three Game Series

Keenly Contested Games

Jack Quigley's Arts, who lost out in the interfaculty hockey finals last year to Med-Pharm-Dents, made no mistake this time, and by downing a gallant band of Engineers in a hard-fought three-game series became champions for the 1942-43 season. The games were played at the University rink, and scores were 2-4, 1-0 and 7-4 in favor of Arts. As indicated, Engineers were very much in the fight for the title, and until as late as the end of the second period of the "rubber" contest, when they held a 4-3 lead, seemed every bit as good as the new champions.

However, Arts struck with savage fury in the closing period to score four times, without a reply from Coach Simpson's cohorts, and the series was theirs. Final games were watched by good crowds.

Arts were pre-series favorites to cop the title.

First Game: Engineers 4, Arts 2
Not at all awed by the imposing season's record of Arts, Engineers had their share of the play all through this first play-off contest. Truth to tell, the Quigleyites had come back to the hockey wars after a ten-day layoff, and seemed to be suffering somewhat from the effects of their inactivity. Lemieux's was

the only score of the first two periods, and Arts led 1-0 at the end of forty minutes. A goal by Paul Drouin near the ten-minute mark of the final period tied it up, and there being no further scoring before the end of the regulation time, the teams went into overtime. Suddenly Arts faded, and led by the aforementioned Drouin and Coach Simpson, the "slide-rule" boys rammed home three quick goals. Barss Dimock added Arts' second goal, and the score remained 4-2 for Engineers until the whistle.

Jack Setters played sensationally in Engineers' nets, and was largely instrumental in his team chalking up a win.

Second Game: Arts 1, Engineers 0
The story of this game can best be told by stating that Mike Chonko, ably assisted by Gib Brimacombe, made it a personal triumph by scoring the only goal of the game at 13:27 of the second period. This was the best offensive thrust of the game, and it was fitting that a "million dollar goal" should result. The two Artsmen hit the Engineer defence with Brimacombe carrying the puck, a series of deliberate and well-timed passes let Chonko in near Setters, and his rising shot to the corner had the agile Engineer netminder beaten all the way.

Engineers unleashed a terrific offensive assault in the closing period, but some great goalkeeping by Lud Ryski and a rockbound defence led by Coach Quigley, held them out. Quigley was here, there and everywhere, especially during the last five minutes, and his play undoubtedly saved the day for his club. Setters again was very good.

Third Game: Arts 7, Engineers 4
Arts won this third and final game the "hard way," but a lot of champions have done it so. They were down 2-0 early in the first period, and later looked into 3-1 and 4-2 deficits. But they hung on tenaciously, waiting for the break, and eventually it came. The score was Engineers 4, Arts 3, early in the third period, when Paul Drouin drew a penalty. While he was off the roof fell in on the Engineers. In just seventeen seconds their lead had

Outdoor Club Closes Season

Year Success Due to Co-Operation of Members and Executive

With exams approaching, it looks like the members of the Outdoor Club will have to bid the Chalet goodbye for another year. But it really has been a successful year for the club. The functions this term have been many and of great variety. We started with a huge bon-fire, rally and sing-song in the early fall, and soon after the memorable hayride with members packed into three wagons like sardines. Then just before Christmas there was the moonlight tobogganing party, considered by many to be the highlight of the season. The grand spring dance was something new in the club's activities, and proved to be a tremendous success, with a real review of all the latest sport fashions. But probably the most fun of all was had at famed "Outdoor Work Parties." Every Saturday and Sunday afternoons all manner of people gathered at the club-house and worked and laced depending on the type of person. Former students from British, American and Canadian colleges, who are now in the services, were often guests of the members. Then there were the full-color moving pictures taken by the executive last fall, showing many of the activities of the club. And, of course, we can't forget the jam sessions in the Chalet nearly every Saturday evening, besides the numerous skiing parties. Yes, we have had a lot of fun and fresh air down there, and let's hope we have as much next year.

A brief tribute to the executive seems in order. Thanks to Lex Miller, the president of last fall, and Jane Stevenson, the vice-president, who did a man's job this year, Don Cormie, our active secretary-treasurer, Neil Carr, the skiing instructor, and Malcolm Clark, the Freshman representative. But by far the greatest tribute is to the members of the various committees who really made the club the largest and most successful on the campus. Let's have another year just like this one.

NOTICE

Will the players of the following teams please turn in their equipment to Central Check:
Senior Men's Basketball,
Seniors Girls' Basketball,
Men's Interfac Basketball,
Arts Interfac Hockey,
Engineers Interfac Hockey.
The deadline for returning this equipment is Thursday, March 25, 1943.

R. G. SIMONTON,
Central Check Manager.

been wiped out. Barss Dimock and John Colter were the heroes of the piece, as they team up for two quick goals, with Colter the passer and Dimock the marksman in each case. It was the swan song of Simpson's stout-hearted crew, for they never recovered from the shock. Arts added goals six and seven later, but they proved unnecessary.

Barss Dimock turned in a grand performance for Arts, scoring four goals and assisting in a fifth. He saved his best hockey of the season for this climactic contest, and Arts Coach Jack Quigley wasn't at all sad about it.

Lineups:
Arts—Ryski, Quigley, Moreau, B. Dimock, Lemieux, Cuthbertson, Brimacombe, Chonko, Bothwell, Colter, Jones, Carr, Gerolamy.
Engineers—Setters, Lambert, Smith, Drouin, Simpson, Dutka, Dunsmore, Ross, Perrott, Helmer, W. Dimock Ogilvie.
Referees—Hal Wismer and Bill Runge.

Boxing Club Closes Tough Fight Term

The end has come of a none-too-successful year for the Boxing Club. It was a year of difficulties and adversities. Increased military training and the threatening shadow of that "average" that had to be attained in studies, dampened the ardor of many at the start, but yet we managed to have very successful workouts up until Christmas. Then after Christmas the big blow fell—the Air Force took over St. Joe's gym, and we had to search for another place to hold meetings in.

The Drill Hall served for a while, and then later on, the Y.M.C.A., but there was the inevitable time loss in these changes, and coupled with "something" which must have happened to most of the fellows at Christmas, the attendance dropped well below par—in fact, well below. However, there were the faithful few who still attended and got a "bloody nose" twice a week as usual and still enjoyed it, and to them we say "thanks a lot for your interest—we only wish that minor sports had held up enough to have an interfac meet so that you might be rewarded with something more substantial."

As to the future—well, that will depend upon many things. An able, energetic executive has been elected and, with co-operation and a place to hold workouts in, we think

In the Spotlight

By Gerry Larue

Well, the season is over for this year and after all is said and done, we can say that it has been a fairly good one. Looking backwards is always an interesting process, and by so doing it is often possible to pick out the little things that helped make the season a success and those factors which were the dark spots on the bright scene. Rugby did a good job at the first of the term. It is unfortunate that there could only be two games for the boys to show what they had on the ball. This matter came up for serious discussion when awards were being considered, and quite frankly it isn't fair to the boys or to the value of the awards to make awards on the basis of two games. First of all, the training periods, which involved many hours of hard work, culminated in only two games—were two games a solid enough basis upon which to make awards? Well, the boys did a good job, but next year we wouldn't be surprised if a system similar to that employed in interfac hockey was incorporated.

This year we have had some fine help in putting out the Sports Section of The Gateway, and we would like to take this opportunity to voice our thanks to those persons. First, the ever-helpful Helen McDougall, Women's Sports Editor, is to be congratulated for the fine way in which she has kept women's sports in the news. Bill Clark, Assistant Sport Editor, has also brought a new flavor to the page in his humorous write-ups on sport. Other persons have contributed on different occasions—Frank Quigley, Sylvia Rowan, Don Cormie and others. To all these people we tender our thanks for loyal co-operation.

In the basketball circles we have had some fine games. Senior basketball was necessarily in the limelight this term, for they were playing some of the best teams ever to compete in Edmonton, and the boys did very well, too! Interfaculty basketball was held up for short periods of time due to the cold weather making the Drill Hall gym impossible for playing. However, while a bit slow in starting, the final competition was keen.

One thing that has become more and more evident as this season has progressed is the urgent need of filling the too long vacant office of Sports Director. This year many little problems have arisen from time to time in the sport circles, and it is hardly fair for the University to pretend to sanction sporting activities and then thrust the whole burden of responsibility on the shoulders of students who, under present war conditions, have more than enough worries to occupy their mind. Many of these students have really tried to revive flagging sports by giving of time that they could ill afford. Our athletic set-up needs a central leader, who will supervise all athletic programs and make sure that they functioning at their best. Look at the little jam that the Swimming Club stepped into when their interfaculty competition was supported by one faculty only. It would be unfair to blame Bob McDiarmid; after all, he is a student, and can only do so much, and by looking at the way that club has gone ahead this season, he has done plenty. Consider the plight of the Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing clubs. Shifted about from training quarter to training quarter, watching their membership drop with each shift. It is a wonder that they did not give up entirely. But no, certain students gave more time than their office warranted in a desperate attempt to keep those activities alive on the campus. These men deserve far more credit than they will ever receive, and far more support than they have received in the past. This matter of an Athletic Director is not something that has but just recently come up. All through the season we have been receiving phone calls from interested students and other parties asking us to try and do something about the matter. We begged leave to wait until the time was ripe, and we think that this is the time; therefore we wish to take this opportunity to bring before the student body as a whole the urgent need for action in this respect, and to urge the University authorities to seriously consider this matter for the coming term. If athletics play the important role that government, university and army authorities seem to think they do, then these athletics should be conducted in the proper manner. It is not enough to pay three or four coaches and say, "Here, take over and do what you can." There must be central control—someone who has time to do nothing else, on this campus but cater to athletic interests—a Sports Director.

It wasn't entirely clear just when the Aggies will take over the Bulletin Trophy for their half-year from their rivals of long standing, the Engineers. From the looks of the affair at Color Night, when Lambert ran off with the award, it should be a very interesting battle. Will it be in six months, or will the division come on the number of Varsity months that the trophy is held? The Engineers claim to be the mathematical experts around this place, so don't let them fool you, Aggies—calculate this thing carefully, and be sure and let us know when you intend to collect it.

This year we have published this page with a definite purpose in mind—to do all in our power to stimulate and keep alive Varsity sports. Oftimes it has proved very difficult to keep up with the many activities, and as a result perhaps one or two branches have been unfortunately neglected. We would like to apologize for this situation, and explain that our staff is limited and we have done our best. If we have in any measure contributed in the maintenance of sporting activities on the campus, we will feel satisfied that we have lived up to our purpose.

Women's sports have been well regulated this season, and every branch seemed to be a success. True, in many cases the turnouts were weak, and the managers had to really work to get the teams out, but they always managed to get someone there. Some of the girls have really worked hard, and deserve a lot of credit for their efforts. Next year we look forward to an even more successful season for them.

One last remark—the Outdoor Club deserves a great big hand for the fine work they have done this year. Their popularity has grown by leaps and bounds, and under the circumstances presented by the war, they should continue to grow. Their role on the campus is at this time a very important one, as they meet the needs for exercise of those students who have not the time nor interest to participate in major sports.

that, having profited by the lessons learned this year, next year should be a successful one for the club. The immediate future is of interest for Med and Dent students. We are

BOB SCHRADER WINS SHOE-MAKER TROPHY

Bob Schrader, one of University of Alberta's outstanding athletes, was signally honored at the conclusion of the hockey season by being awarded the Dr. Shoemaker Most Valuable Player award. He thus succeeds Jack Quigley, first winner of the trophy last season.

Schrader was the coach and bell-weather of Ag-Com-Law hockey squad, and the fact that they enjoyed no particular success from a hockey standpoint during the season just closed only adds to the credit that must go to the Olds youth for coping this outstanding award.

FLASH!

It has been recommended by the director of Women's War Services that in the school year '43-'44 a plan will be tried whereby participation in sports will be counted as war work. This participation will not be compulsory except for freshettes, and the plan is to create an incentive for more students to take part in interfaculty sports. It is not a means by which athletic activity is to be forced on the students, but it intends to create better sportsman ship and health in the women students of the University. This will also fall in line with the Canadian Physical Fit-

FINAL SCORING AVERAGES

	L.	A.	Pts.
Simpson, Eng.	6	3	9
Lemieux, Arts	6	3	9
F. Quigley, A-C-L	3	6	9
J. Quigley, Arts	2	7	9
B. Dimock, Arts	2	7	9
Drouin, Eng.	5	3	8
Lambert, Eng.	4	4	8
Bothwell, Arts	4	3	7
Brimacombe, Arts	4	3	7
Schrader, A-C-L	4	2	6
Younger, A-C-L	1	5	6
Cuthbertson, Arts	4	1	5
Dutka, Eng.	3	2	5
Baker, A-C-L	3	1	4
W. Dimock, Eng.	0	4	4
Colter, Arts	2	1	3
Gordon, A-C-L	2	1	3
Dalsin, A-C-L	2	1	3
Fraser, A-C-L	1	1	2
Taylor, A-C-L	1	1	2
Garvin, A-C-L	1	1	2
Helmer, Eng.	1	1	2
Carr, Arts	2	0	2
Jones, Arts	2	0	2
Chonko, Arts	1	1	2
Gerolamy, Arts	0	1	1
Andrews, A-C-L	0	0	0
Rigney, A-C-L	0	0	0
Ross, Eng.	0	0	0
Dunsmore, Eng.	0	0	0
McKeague, Eng.	0	0	0
Perrott, Eng.	0	0	0

ness drive which is to be instigated in the near future. Since the scheme has just been proposed, the details will have to be worked out later.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL—Showing all week, "Casablanca," starring Humphry Bogart, Paul Henreid and Ingrid Bergman. Added extras.

EMPRESS—Currently showing, a succession of thrills, "Northwest Rangers." Added hit, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

GARNEAU—Beginning Thursday, "The Navy Comes Through," with Pat O'Brien and George Murphy. Also, "Big Street," with Henry Fonda and Lucille Ball.

STRAND—Currently playing, "Mutiny on the Bounty," starring Clark Gable and Charles Laughton. Also William Powell and Jean Arthur in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

ODEON

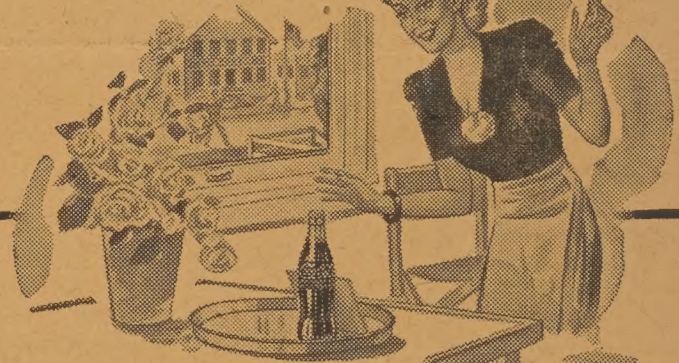
RIALTO—One of the greatest pictures of all time, "In Which We Serve." Be sure to see it.

VARSONA—Currently showing, "They All Kissed the Bride," with Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas. Also "Two Yanks in Trinidad."

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